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# NICK CARTER STORIES

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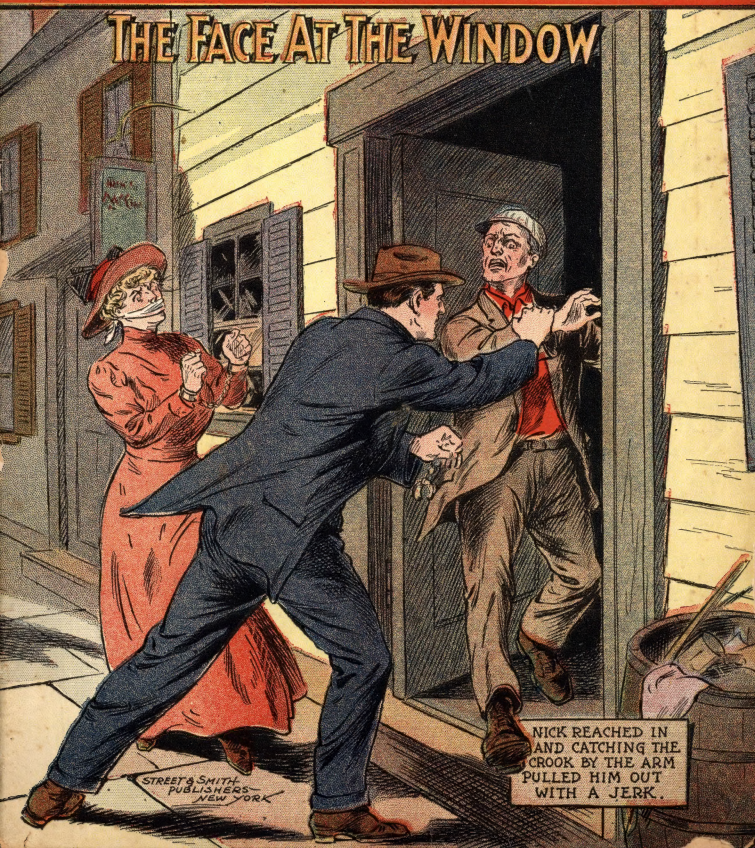
## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW



# NICK CARTER STORIES

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# THE FACE AT THE WINDOW;

## Or, NICK CARTER'S BIGGEST EFFORT.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

### CHAPTER I.*

A TRAGEDY IN BROADWAY.

Carleton Deering, once known as the "man from nowhere," was found dead in his law office in Broadway, New York City. He had been shot to death while seated in his swivel chair at the desk in his private office.

The bullet, a thirty-eight caliber, as was demonstrated later at the autopsy, had penetrated the left side of his head above the temple and had ranged downward at an angle of twenty-three degrees and lodged inside the skull behind the right ear. Death was said to have been instantaneous.

A round hole the size of a silver dollar, from which cracks and splinters branched out in every direction like the radiations of light from a star, was found in the glass of the window located ten feet away from the desk. This window looked out upon the great thoroughfare of the city, and also upon the building that was opposite the one in which his offices were located. This demonstrated where the bullet had entered, and also at once established the fact that the assassin had fired it from that other building, which for obvious reasons we will name the Margate Building—because that is not its name.

The body was found by the chief clerk of the office when he arrived there in the morning.

Two of the electric lights in the room had been switched on, and were still burning when the clerk made his discovery. There were many law books, opened and piled one upon another, on the desk in front of the body, showing that the lawyer had been engaged in the making of a brief at law when he was killed.

Two small tables, one on either side of him, had been drawn up within reach of his chair for the accommodation of more books.

The murdered man had been leaning back in his chair when the bullet was fired into his brain. His legs were crossed, the left one over the right; an open law book was on his knee; his left hand rested upon the open book with the index finger of it pointing at the beginning of a paragraph, as if he had been directing his tired eyes with it.

His right hand rested upon the arm of the chair, and beneath it on the floor was a half-smoked cigar, evidently dropped from his nerveless fingers when the bullet hit him.

Rigor mortis had set in when the body was found. The man had been dead many hours; just how many could not be determined. It was nine o'clock in the morning when the discovery was made.

The clerk who found the body had been associated for a long time with his employer, and was devoted to him; he was also one of the cool-headed kind that have a habit of looking before they leap. His name was Percy Dalton.

*The strange history of the man who was known as John Carleton for so many years, but whose real name was Carleton Deering, will be found in the preceding issue of this weekly.

His first impulse upon making the discovery was to summon the police, but Dalton knew Nick Carter. He also knew that Nick Carter and his employer had long been close friends—particularly since a great change had come into the life of Carleton Deering, to which a slight reference will presently be made.

Dalton did not summon the police when he made the gruesome discovery. He seized upon the telephone and summoned Nick Carter. As soon as he had the detective in person at the phone he said:

"Mr. Carter, can you come down here at once? A terrible thing has happened. Mr. Deering is dead. I shall keep the outer door of the office locked until you arrive, so that no one else may enter until you do. I will step into the corridor to await your coming." And so it was that when the detective entered the law office, he and Percy Dalton, the clerk, were the only persons who knew of the tragedy.

And now a few paragraphs in regard to the strange history of Carleton Deering, for it is necessary that we should understand something about it before we proceed with the story that is to be told here.

Until recently Carleton Deering had been known and had practiced law under the name of John Carleton. He had lived nineteen years of his life under that name. He had attained success, eminence, and wealth as John Carleton, and had been favorably known everywhere.

But all through his life as Carleton he had been the victim of a form of aphasia, and had possessed no memory whatever of whom he had been before that time. Then, one morning, following upon many days of close application to his legal work, he had fallen a victim to it a second time, passing from Carleton back to the man he had been before.

On that morning he had encountered Nick Carter on the street without knowing him at all, although as Carleton he had known the detective well.

But Carleton had insisted that his name was Philip Maddox, although his memory of things, and of localities, and of the city of New York itself ended at a time that was nineteen years before that particular morning. But he did remember persons and places that were familiar to him in that previous existence, and among the persons was a Doctor Parsons, who had befriended him in that long ago.

Doctor Parsons was found. Through him it was learned that ten years before the beginning of the career of Philip Maddox, a boy had been found wandering in the streets; a boy of seventeen, who was an imbecile because of a wound that he had somehow received near the base of his skull.

That boy had been operated upon by competent surgeons. His intelligence had been restored, but not his memory; and to that boy, with his intelligence restored, had been given the name of Philip Maddox.

Nick Carter persisted in his efforts to unravel the tangle of identities. Every known means was tried to make the Philip Maddox, whom Nick met on the streets that morning, recall the experiences of John Carleton, the lawyer, and of the wounded lad who had been operated upon in a hospital so many years ago.

As John Carleton he had married, had been blessed with a daughter then seventeen, and had lost his wife; but he remembered nothing of either of them—until that daughter returned from Europe. Then, however, under the sympathy and love of his child, memory had been gradually restored. An aunt of his, a sister of his mother, had been found; and so, little by little, the memory of those two forgotten pasts came back to him. He assumed his right name, the name he had been born with, that of Carleton Deering, resumed his practice of the law, took his aunt and his daughter to live with him in a new house he had been building, and things had gone on, evenly and smoothly, for almost a year at the time of the happening of this awful tragedy that has already been partly described.

Before Nick Carter entered the office where the dead man was seated in his chair at his desk, he asked a few questions of the clerk, Dalton.

"What time did you get here, Dalton?" he inquired.

"On the stroke of nine, Mr. Carter. I don't think it was many minutes after that when I called you on the telephone."

"No. It was five minutes past nine when you called. Tell me about the discovery."

"The moment I unlocked the door I thought that something was wrong. I could see that the lights were still burning in Mr. Deering's private office. I went into it and found the body. Then I telephoned to you, locked the door, and came out here to wait. Fortunately none of the other employees have arrived as yet."

"Well, remain here. Send everybody away who comes. I will summon you when I want you."

Then the detective passed inside the office, closed and locked the door, and began his preliminary investigation.

## CHAPTER II.

### CLOSED FOR THE WEEK.

The things that have already been described here Nick Carter saw almost at a glance when he entered that room of death. The position of the body, its relation to the window through which the bullet had passed, he saw and understood.

The very first work that he did upon entering the room was characteristic. We will describe it, for it gives an idea of the thoroughness of his methods in a case of this sort.

Remember, too, that the dead man had been his friend; that they had known each other ten or eleven years, while Deering was the lawyer Carleton, and that during the last year they had been intimates.

But the detective crushed his sorrow into the background and gave himself only to the professional work that he had in hand. He had to forget that Deering had been a friend.

He opened a drawer in the desk where he knew that Deering had been in the habit of keeping a ball of twine. He secured that and placed it on top of one of the piles of books near the body.

He reached for the paste which the lawyer kept upon his desk, and, in doing so, discovered a piece of gum wrapped in paraffin paper, such as one gets from the machines in the subway stations for a cent. He put that into his mouth and began to chew it vigorously.

When the gum was softened he divided it into quarters and clipped off two short lengths of the twine. Then he fastened the four pieces of gum to the perforated pane of the window through which the bullet had passed, one above, one below the hole, and one at either side of it; and he fastened the four ends of the two pieces of twine beneath the sections of gum so that they crossed each other at the center of the hole.

Then he cut off another section of the twine, much longer. He tied one end of it to the two pieces of twine where they crossed each other over the hole in the window, and he drew it straight backward to the body—to the bullet hole in the dead man's head.

It was not difficult then for him to determine beyond any question of doubt from which window of that building at the opposite side of the street the bullet had been fired, and, having done that to his satisfaction, he removed the twine and the gum, and disposed of them.

Then he went to the telephone and called up police headquarters, having himself put into direct communication with the inspector in charge of the detective bureau.

"Can you account for it, Nick?" the inspector asked, over the telephone.

"Not in the least, inspector," the detective replied.

"You were rather intimately associated with Deering, weren't you?" was the next question.

"Yes. I have known him quite well almost eleven years. For the past year we have been warm personal friends."

"Have you got any theories about this case?"

"Not one."

"Of course I will put some of my own men on the case, Nick, but I think I had better ask you to assign yourself to it, also."

"I have already done that, inspector. I'll find the person who did this thing before I take up another thing."

"Good! We will work together, eh?'

"Assuredly."

"Well, I will attend to all the necessary details in the matter; the coroner, and all that. You may go right to work in whatever manner suits you best."

"All right, inspector."

"I suppose the first thing to be done is to notify the family, eh?"

"Yes. I will attend to that," replied the detective. "I have not disturbed anything down here. Everything is just as I found it."

"Oh, I know that without your saying so."

"I may not be here when your men get here. Hustle the coroner up a bit, will you? I think the body ought to be out of here as soon as possible."

"All right. You prepare the family. I'll attend to the rest of it."

"There is just one thing, inspector, that I would like to say."

"What is it?"

"It has just occurred to me, since I have been talking to you, that there may be a clew to this thing among Deering's papers; in his safe or in his desk; or among his letters."

"Possibly."

"I was going to suggest that you direct your men to leave them alone for the present, and that you and I come here together this evening and go over them. What do you think about it?"

"I think that it is a good idea. We'll do it."

"All right. Then I'll go to you as soon as I can get around to it."

"Yes. Make it as soon as you can conveniently get here, instead of waiting till evening."

"All right."

Outside in the corridor of the building Nick found Dalton still on guard, but now he had the stenographer and two of the other clerks for company.

"I held them here till you should come out, Mr. Carter," he said. "I did not know but that you might like to talk with them."

"Not at the present moment," replied the detective. "What I do want is this: You may all return to your homes, just now, or go where you will, but you are not to talk about this tragedy to any one. Remember that! You are not even to tell that it has happened. Just say that you have a day off, if any questions are asked. Understand?"

"Yes," they replied in unison.

"I want you all to be here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. At that time we will discuss the matter thoroughly; and by then I will be better informed as to what questions I may wish to ask you. You may go now."

They went, all except Dalton, who lingered in obedience to a gesture Nick made to him.

Nick's first act then was to paste a placard upon the door which he had prepared while he was still inside the office. It read: "Office closed for the rest of the week. Apply at Room 1046."

"Read that," he said to Dalton.

"Yes, sir. I have read it."

"I want you to go into Mr. Miner's office and wait there. Tell Mr. Miner what has happened, and say that I sent you. Remain there throughout the day, and be there again to-morrow morning at nine. To all who appear, seeking Mr. Deering, say that he died suddenly in his chair at his desk last night, and that

you found him there this morning. You need say nothing about the murder part of it."

"I understand, Mr. Carter."

"Some officers will be here presently. Admit them to the office, of course; but admit no person whomsoever, without due authority."

"Very well, Mr. Carter."

"You may return to the office now, long enough to call up the telephone exchange and ask for the manager. Tell him that Mr. Deering has died suddenly, and that no telephone calls will be answered from that number unless they come from police headquarters. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Dalton.

"I will return here during the course of the day. You are to remain in Mr. Miner's office all the day, as if you were in Deering's."

"Yes, Mr. Carter."

The detective sought the elevator. Below, he crossed the street to the building opposite and asked for the superintendent.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE WINDOW OPPOSITE.

"Mr. Scisson," the detective said to the superintendent of the Margate Building as soon as he was in the presence of that person, "I want the number of a room on the twelfth floor of this building. It is the room into which the fourth window from the south end of it opens. What number would that be?"

"Twelve-eighteen, sir."

"Who occupies that room?"

"It is one of a suite of five rooms," was the reply.

"Well, that doesn't reply to my question."

"The lease is in the name of a Mr. Paul Creighton. He sublets to other persons. I cannot say as to just who occupies that particular office to which you refer, although it is my impression that it is the one that Mr. Creighton reserves for himself. But you can easily ascertain——"

"Yes, I know. What time do you close the building at night?"

"It is never really closed, sir."

"What do you mean by that—by not being really closed?"

"There is a hallman on duty at the front door all night. Many of the tenants work at night. That is the habit all over town just now, it would seem."

"But the front door, the main entrance, is locked at a certain hour, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; at eight o'clock in the evening."

"Do the tenants carry keys to that door?"

"No, sir."

"How do they get inside in case one of them should wish to do so?"

"There is an electric bell for the night man, sir. You would only have to press upon the button to bring him to the door to admit you."

"I see; and to run the elevator, too, eh?"

"Yes."

"So in case any person came into the building, say last night, after eight o'clock, he was compelled to ring the bell for the night man, and it is likely that the night man would remember him, eh?"

"Decidedly. More than that, too."

"What more?"

"He has instructions to enter upon a book, that he has for that purpose, the name and the number of the room of each tenant who enters the building after hours."

"Oh! I see. So if any one came in last night after hours, the name of that person and the number of the room to which he was supposed to be going would be entered upon that book?

"What about persons who remain inside the building till after it is closed?"

"No attention is paid to them, sir, unless, of course, such a person happens to be an utter stranger; but even then I don't suppose the night man would pay any attention to such a person if he looked respectable. The night man cannot be expected to know the faces and names of all the tenants."

"Certainly not. Your night man is now at his home and in bed, doubtless?"

"Yes."

"Write his name and address upon this card for me," said the detective, producing one. "When you have done that, get the night man's book. I want to look at it."

"Who are you, sir? You haven't told me that yet. I don't know whether I should show you that book or not."

Nick told him who he was, and the book was forthcoming without delay.

The record showed that only one man had entered the building after hours during the preceding night, and that he had entered it only fifteen minutes after the outer door was closed and locked. There was no record, however, to show what time it was when he went away again; and, strangely enough, that person was the Mr. Paul Creighton to whom the superintendent had referred as being the lessee of the suite of rooms of which No. 1218 was one.

But Nick Carter came very quickly to the determination that it was merely a coincidence that Paul Creighton had been there, for, he argued to himself, if Paul Creighton had contemplated such a crime as had been committed, he would not have gone so openly to the building, so soon after it was closed.

He would have remained inside of it, or—— Well, the detective would investigate the subject, anyway; as it happened, it was destined to prove a fortunate circumstance that Paul Creighton had gone to his office after hours on that particular night, even if it did cast suspicion upon him for a time.

Finding that the night man's book could tell him nothing, Nick took the elevator and went to room 1218.

The glass of the door was lettered "Private," and

beneath that word was the inscription: "Entrance at Room 1222." Nick went to 1222.

The detective counted the names upon that door before he opened it, and he copied each one of them down on the back of an envelope; then he went inside.

"I wish to see Mr. Creighton," he said to the stenographer, who looked up inquiringly upon his entrance.

She directed him to the proper room without rising, and Nick passed into Mr. Paul Creighton's office, closing the door after him as he did so.

It was a genial, kindly faced gentleman of that type which is generally called the "old school" who looked up from the morning paper he was reading and greeted the detective with a cordial "Good morning, sir."

"You are Mr. Creighton?" Nick asked, drawing a chair forward and seating himself upon it; for he was convinced the instant he saw this benign old gentleman that no such person as he was could have had anything to do with the murder of Carleton Deering.

"I am," was the reply.

"I am Mr. Carter, the detective. There is my card," said Nick. "Will you answer me a few questions, Mr. Creighton, some of which may appear to be rather intimate and personal?"

"On what subject, if you please?"

"I would rather not explain that until I have asked the questions; but the subject will be made plain to you before we have proceeded far."

"Very well, sir. I will hear the questions; but I will reserve the right not to answer them, unless——"

"Oh, certainly."

"Proceed, Mr. Carter."

"What time did you leave this building yesterday afternoon, Mr. Creighton?"

"Between half past five and six o'clock."

"You returned to it again, later, did you not?"

"I did."

"What time was that?"

"I looked at my watch as I entered at the street door—there is a rule here that renders that necessary—it was exactly fifteen minutes after eight. I had tried to arrive here before the door would be closed, but was detained."

"Did you come then to this office?"

"I did; though how all this interests you, sir, is more than I can imagine."

"Please be patient with me for a moment, Mr. Creighton."

"Very well, sir."

"What time did you again leave the building after you entered it at a quarter past eight?"

"At once. The night man held the elevator at this floor to take me down again. I was not in this office five minutes, if that long. I was at my home near the One Hundred and Eighty-first Street Station of the subway at five minutes after nine."

"Was any other person in any of the offices of this suite when you were here?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know Mr. Carleton Deering, the lawyer, in the building opposite?"

"I know him by reputation."

"Mr. Deering was murdered last night. He was shot to death while seated in the chair at his desk in his private office, and the bullet that killed him was fired from the window of this office," said the detective impressively.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A QUESTION OF MANY KEYS.

The old gentleman sat very still without moving at all for a full minute after hearing the startling announcement that the detective made to him. Then he said, speaking very calmly:

"It is awful, Mr. Carter. Terrible. I assume that you are positive in regard to the statement you have made, else you would not have made it."

"Quite so, Mr. Creighton."

"How have you convinced yourself that the bullet was fired from my window?"

"By the position of the dead body, the course of the bullet where it penetrated the brain of the victim, the hole made through the glass of the window of Deering's office, and by making use of a primitive form of theodolite, manufactured on the moment, by which I took a sight, as a civil engineer would say."

"It directed you to this window?"

"It did."

"And there can be no doubt of it?"

"None whatever."

"You suspected me?"

"Not at all; not even before I saw you, and certainly not after that."

"Thank you. But why not? It would seem——"

"You returned here too early; too soon after the building was closed, as if you had forgotten a letter or a paper which you had meant to take away with you, and——"

"Which happens to be actually the situation, Mr. Carter."

"Well, we need not go farther into that, need we?"

"No; if you are entirely convinced that I know nothing about it."

"I am."

"Then in what way can I be of assistance to you, Mr. Carter?"

"Possibly you cannot assist me at all; possibly you can. I would like to question you rather closely, now that you understand the case."

"As closely as you desire, sir."

"What was the condition of this office when you returned to it at a quarter past eight?"

"Precisely as it was when I left it soon after half past five."

"You found nothing here, saw nothing here, to sug-

gest that another person had been into the room in your absence?"

"Nothing. I was the last one to leave these offices. I always am. I think it is a rare occurrence when one of my subtenants comes here at night; in fact, I do not remember such a circumstance since I have occupied these offices."

"How long have you occupied them?"

"Seven years."

"To arrive at the door of this suite of rooms from the elevator one has to pass along the side corridor of the building, and thence along this one to the door. In doing so one passes many other offices."

"Naturally."

"Did you notice if there were lights in any of those offices when you passed them on your way here last night?"

"They were all dark. So far as I know there was not a lighted office on this floor."

"Did you observe any lighted offices anywhere in the building?"

"I did not."

"Did you encounter any person other than the night man when you were here?"

"No. He was the only person I saw at all, inside the building."

"Did you notice from the outside if there was a light anywhere in the building?"

"I did not."

"Who was the first person to arrive here this morning?"

"I was. I always am. I am an early riser. I am usually here at my desk at eight o'clock in the morning."

"Was the door locked this morning when you arrived here?"

"It was."

"Did you lock it when you went out the last time, last night?"

"I did; and tried it afterward to make sure. I always do that."

"How many keys are there to the outer door?"

"Twelve." He pulled open a drawer of his desk. "I have five of them here, as you see. I carry one, each of my five tenants has one, and the stenographer has one. That accounts for all of them."

"A duplicate might easily be made from one of those keys."

"Of course."

"Can you give me any information in regard to your five tenants?"

"Very little. They come and go. Three of them have been with me a long time. One of the others has been with me a year, and the remaining one came seven months ago."

"I have a list of their names which I copied from the door. Can you make any suggestion in regard to any one of them?"

"Only this: That I consider it as utterly preposterous that any one of them could have criminal knowledge of this terrible affair."

"Naturally. Are they all here to-day, do you know?"

"One of them, the one who has been with me seven months, is in Chicago. I received a wire from him yesterday asking that his mail be forwarded. He is a dealer in railway supplies. Another—the one who has been with me the longest, and who came here with me from the Liberty Building, lectured last evening at the Arts Club. I know this because he asked me to be present, and because there is a report of it in this paper that I have just been reading."

"There are three others—and the young woman who is the stenographer."

"They are doubtless all here by this time. Do you wish to see them?"

"Yes; if we can make some excuse so that they will not understand the reason for the questions."

"I have one ready at hand, Mr. Carter."

"Good! What is it?"

"I have missed an important document from my desk this morning. I have searched everywhere for it and cannot find it. I greatly feared that it has been dropped upon the floor, and so lost. Come with me. You may leave the line of questioning to me. I know your wishes in the matter."

They passed into the other offices together then, but we need not recount all that was asked and told in the next few moments. It was sufficient that Nick, at the expiration of ten minutes, was satisfied that none of the persons in that office, including the stenographer, had any knowledge of the frightful thing that had occurred in the building across the street. They returned to Mr. Creighton's office.

Nick crossed to the window through which the bullet must have been sped on its errand of death, and stood there for a time looking out.

He could see into Deering's office imperfectly, and he noticed that the officers had arrived from headquarters. He turned back into the room again.

"It is a murder without a clew, Mr. Creighton," he said, resenting himself. He felt an unusual admiration for the old gentleman. "I should tell you that Mr. Deering was a close personal friend of mine. I am interested in the case much more than in a purely professional way."

"I can well understand that, Mr. Carter."

"And I shall bring that murderer to justice."

"I believe you will. I hope you will, surely."

"Will you make further inquiries for me during the day, Mr. Creighton?"

"Certainly. In what respect?"

"Find out for me if any of the people who have keys to this office has mislaid a key, or has lost it temporarily, at any time; or if the key has been loaned to another for the purposes of an errand, at any time. If such a thing has happened it might help. That line of questioning includes the stenographer, of course."

"Of course. Yes, I will do that."

"And I will call upon you again soon," said the detective, as he took his leave.

"Come whenever it pleases you to do so, Mr. Carter. Good day."

## CHAPTER V.

### SOMETHING THAT MADE THE DETECTIVE WONDER.

Nick Carter went by the subway to the home of Carleton Deering. He had the unpleasant duty to perform of taking the awful news of what had happened to the aged woman who was Deering's aunt, and to the beautiful girl, just past eighteen, who was his daughter; who had grown up as Allison Carleton and in the belief that Carleton was her father's name, but who was now Allison Carleton Deering.

He found both of them at home, and we need not relate the ordeal through which all three of them passed during the ensuing half hour. It was the old lady, long past seventy, who succumbed temporarily to the shock; Allison bore up under it splendidly.

"He was a dear good father, Mr. Carter," she said, when she had partially recovered from the first anguish of it all. "Who could have committed such a terrible sin against him."

"Alas, Allison, that will be difficult to determine."

"It seems hard to believe that he had an enemy in all the world."

"We all have enemies in one form or another," the detective replied. "Sometimes it is occasioned by pure animosity; sometimes it is the consequence of a fancied wrong; it may be the result of some form of jealousy or cupidity. One never knows."

"May it not have been an accident?"

"No, Allison, this was the result of no accident."

"But, think a moment. If a man had been standing in that window cleaning a pistol——"

"The mere suggestion is absurd," he interrupted her. "It is not to be thought of. The person who fired that bullet procured the key to Creighton's office at some time in the past, with the express purpose of committing that crime."

"Oh, it seems incredible."

"I know it does; but that is the condition we must face."

"How can you ever find out who did it?"

"I don't know; but I want to ask you some questions, and I want you to try to answer me very clearly, my dear."

"Oh, I will. Indeed, I will."

"Your father and I were intimate friends. Nobody was closer to him than I have been during the past year."

"I know that."

"Formerly—after the recovery of his memory, or, rather, while it was in process of returning—I used to question him frequently about it. I would ask him if he remembered this or that thing that had happened while he was John Carleton."

"Yes?"

"Sometimes he did remember; often he did not. When he did not recall the circumstance to which I happened to refer, I could see that it annoyed him, and so, as his memory grew clearer, I gradually abandoned the habit of questioning him."

"I understand you."

"Now, you were nearer to him, closer to him. How perfectly do you think he recalled the life he lived as John Carleton?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Carter, I don't believe he ever recalled it very clearly. I am sure that he used to pretend that he did when he did not, in fact. The papers at his office told him many things, and with their aid I am sure that he recalled many circumstances that would have remained totally forgotten but for them. But all the same I do not think that his memory was ever perfect in regard to that time."

"Take a more intimate view of it, Allison."

"I don't understand you."

"All of your own childhood with him, when he was John Carleton, must be vividly clear to you?"

"Indeed it is; all of it."

"And you talked with him frequently, did you not, about things that had happened while you were a child, which he should have remembered if he had been entirely normal?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Did he always remember them?"

"Some of them he remembered perfectly; others he had totally forgotten, although he tried not to let me see that he had done so."

"Did he ever voluntarily refer to any of the circumstances that happened when you were a child? To a new one that had not been mentioned between you before, I mean?"

"No; he never did that. He would often refer a second and a third time to a subject that we had already discussed."

"To one that he had already succeeded in recalling to his memory with your assistance, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," said the detective. "You have told me what I wanted to know."

"What is it? What were you endeavoring to determine?" she asked.

"I have determined this: The person who fired the shot that killed your father was undoubtedly some person who was associated with him in his past, and was probably due to a circumstance that he had entirely forgotten, else he might have avoided it."

"To his past as John Carleton, or as Philip Maddox?"

"More likely Carleton than Maddox. The period as Carleton was the one he had forgotten. The period as Maddox, he remembered perfectly; or he seemed to do so."

"Still, it might have been either?"

"Quite so. Still, it would seem to me that if he had made an enemy who was as dangerous as this one has been proved to be, while he was Maddox, and had

remembered that enemy as he did remember everything that pertained to Maddox, he would have guarded against such a thing as this. If he had pulled down his curtains last night, at the office, this could not have happened. Allison, did he ever talk with you about any of his life that was lived as Philip Maddox?"

"Never at all. He always avoided the subject."

"Did you ever attempt to question him about it?"

"Twice; and I will never forget the last time."

"Why not?"

"I made him angry; that is, he was nearer to being angry at me than I have ever known him to be, before or since."

"Tell me about both of those occasions."

"Oh, the first one didn't amount to much. I said to him one evening, when we were in the library together, that it must be strange to him to recall so vividly all of that former life as Philip Maddox, which ended so abruptly and was followed by a lapse of nineteen years."

"What did he say to that, Allison?"

"He looked at me rather curiously for a moment before he replied, and, when he did answer, I was sure that it was not in the words that he had intended to use. He only said, very gently:

"'Allison, I would much rather not discuss the subject with you.' That was all."

"Now, tell me about the second time."

"I began by asking him if he remembered my mother.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'I remember her now, perfectly, thanks to Nick Carter and Doctor Parsons, and to you.'

"'There was never any other woman but her, was there?' I asked quickly. 'You never married any other woman when you were Philip Maddox, did you?' That was what made him angry."

"I don't wonder. You did not understand what your question meant, or you would not have asked it. What did he saw in reply?"

"He left his chair, and he was very angry. 'Allison,' he said, very sternly, 'from this time on I forbid you to refer to the subject of my past again in any form;' and with that he left the room; and he shut himself up in his study for the remainder of that evening. I remember that I did not see him even at the breakfast table in the morning. He had gone to his office before I came downstairs."

Nick Carter left the house very soon after that, pondering deeply.

"I wonder," he said to himself, under his breath several times. "I wonder."

## CHAPTER VI.

### ONE MAN'S MYSTERIOUS PAST.

Nick Carter and the inspector entered the private office of Carleton Deering together.

The body of the slain lawyer had long since been removed. There was no evidence remaining of the tragedy save for a spot or two that stained the rug near the chair at the desk.

The time was three o'clock in the afternoon, but, notwithstanding that fact, the detective drew the curtains at the windows and switched on the electric lights, for he knew that there must be one person somewhere who would be interested in keeping watch upon all that happened in or near that office—the person who had fired the fatal shot.

"I believe, inspector," the detective said to his companion, "that the safe or the desk, or that filing cabinet in this office, contains the solution of this mystery."

"Why?" asked the inspector, smiling. They had had no opportunity to discuss the case at all until then.

"Because there could be only one reason for the commission of such a deliberate and premeditated crime as this one was, and because whatever motive was behind it, I am convinced that it had to do with Deering's past."

"Rather a complicated past, wasn't it?" the inspector remarked.

"So complicated that it was pathetic."

"Suppose you give me a brief epitome of that past, so that I can get the threads of it together before we begin on this furniture."

"Very well. A boy named Carleton Deering had an invalid mother who was the twin sister of that other Mrs. Deering now at the Deering home. The sisters married brothers. Carleton's mother brought him to this country from England, where she had to come for her health. The boy was mischievous and annoyed his mother, and it was determined to send him back again to England to school.

"He was sent, in charge of another uncle named Mayhew—and it so happened that the boy stood between that Mayhew and an inheritance; wherefor Mayhew resolved that the lad should be lost overboard.

"He was shot in the back of the head and thrown overboard from the ship while it was steaming down New York Bay. The boy alighted on a floating piece of piling and was picked up, and his life saved. That ship, by the way, was lost at sea, and not a soul on board of it was ever heard from; so the boy's mother naturally supposed that he perished in the wreck.

"Instead of that, he was wandering about the streets of New York an apparently hopeless imbecile as the consequence of his injury. He was then seventeen years old.

"Doctor Pardee, long since dead, discovered him, became interested in the case, enlisted the services of Doctor Parsons and other doctors, and an operation was performed on the boy which restored his intelligence, but not his memory.

"All of his past was an utter blank to him; even his name; and so Pardee gave him the name of Philip Maddox, for no other reason than that it was the first one that occurred to him.

"Pardee and Parsons helped him after that. He learned very quickly. He graduated at the College of the City of New York. Later he worked for a commission house in Duane Street and received a good salary. He became more or less addicted to drink. He was an absinth drinker.

"He called the day on which the operation had been performed on him his birthday; and so, on his birthday, ten years after the operation, he got drunk on absinth.

"We never knew but very little about his awakening from that debauch, save that its effect was to bring on an attack of a form of aphasia. He awakened with no memory of Maddox, but evidently with some glimmering of his former life as Carleton Deering, for he called himself John Carleton. He studied law, and became a brilliant lawyer, as John Carleton—and that period lasted nineteen years.

"In the meantime he married and Allison was born; his wife died. After nineteen years as John Carleton he had charge of an important case before the appellate division of the supreme court, and, in preparing it, he overworked his brain.

"He was living at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at the time. He worked all night at his office, then went to the hotel at six in the morning and retired, leaving word at the office—as we afterward discovered—to be called at two in the afternoon.

"He awakened, however, a short time before he was to be called, but he awakened as the former Philip Maddox, with no recollection whatever of John Carleton, the lawyer, and with only the memory of that debauch of nineteen years before, which he firmly believed to have happened the preceding night.

"He supposed that a joke had been played upon him, and that he was in the room of a stranger. He was certain that he had never seen it before. He dressed and went out of the hotel—and I happened to be almost the first acquaintance of his that met him.

"I met him on the avenue and bowed to him. He stopped me with the remark that I appeared to recognize him, although he did not know me.

"From that point, inspector, we worked out what I supposed to be a gradual restoration of his memory, not only as Carleton, but as the boy, for he was again Maddox; but I believe now that he never had very much memory of that past. He did remember some of it; enough to convince him; but the most of it was hazy, I firmly believe.

"But we found out that he was Carleton Deering, and he did recall his boyhood days rather clearly; but I feel certain that he never did recall very much of Carleton.

"Those nineteen years lived as Carleton remained more or less a blank with just enough light on them to satisfy others. That's all."

"By Jove, Nick, I think I'd rather be dead than to have experiences like that," said the inspector. "Now, just what is your idea of this murder?"

"I think that the motive for it could be due only to something that has happened while he was Carleton, or while he was Maddox."

"Which?"

"I inclined to the Carleton end of it until I talked with the daughter. She told me something that has made me think that it might have been Maddox, after all."

"What was it?"

"She asked him rather abruptly one evening about her mother; and then when he assured Allison that he remembered her mother, the girl asked if there had been any other woman. He was angry—but such anger could be explained on general principles. The girl didn't know what she was talking about."

"She might have hit the nail on the head for all that."

"That is precisely what I am referring to."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I have already got Chick, Patsy, Ida Jones, and Adelina at work searching the records of the bureau of vital statistics, here and in Jersey, and, in fact, everywhere in the vicinity. If any record of a Philip Maddox being married is found, it will be traced, to discover if it was Carleton Deering."

"And then—— But I see the point."

"I don't much believe in the marriage idea; but, inspector, suppose that at the time he forgot Maddox and became Carleton, he was about to be married—and forgot all about it?"

"'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,'" the inspector quoted.

"Exactly my idea. Suppose the wedding day was set for Philip Maddox to marry some young woman he had selected for a wife? She would not be likely to forgive him readily for jilting her as he would have appeared to have done."

"I guess not, Nick."

"Then another thing."

"Well?"

"That day when I met him in front of the hotel, when he had returned to Maddox and did not know me, almost one of the first things that I told him about, regarding his life as Carleton, was that he had been married, and then had a daughter seventeen years old, who was traveling in Europe. See? I have thought since this has happened that if I had not told him that, and so frightened him, perhaps, in his delicate condition of mind, he might, presently, have told me about—well, about something of the sort we have been discussing."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Every receptacle in the offices of Carleton Deering was searched thoroughly by Nick Carter and the inspector. Every paper, letter, document, or other writing that they contained, was examined. There was not so much as a scrap discovered that could throw

even a ray of light upon the mystery which confounded them.

It was late in the afternoon when they began their search; it was half past eight o'clock in the evening when they concluded it.

"Nothing doing, eh?" said the inspector, when all was finished.

"Nothing."

"Suppose you show me now how you fixed upon that window in the opposite building from whence the bullet was fired."

"All right."

Nick switched off the electric lights preparatory to doing so, in order that they might be enabled to see better across the street to the other building. Then he reached out and raised the curtain at the window through which the bullet had come on its deadly errand.

Naturally, simultaneously with the act of raising the curtain, he raised his eyes to the window opposite —the window of Paul Creighton's office; and, as he did so, he uttered a sharp exclamation and threw up the window also.

"What is it?" demanded the inspector quickly.

Nick did not reply to the question at once. He said:

"Watch those windows over there on the twelfth floor, inspector. If you see a face, or other sign of life at any of them, tell me. That fourth window from the south end of the building is the one that the bullet came from. Just now, when I raised the curtain so suddenly after turning off the lights, there was a face close up to that same window; a face that seemed to be deadly white—probably by contrast—was close to the glass, so that the lights outside shone upon it. It was withdrawn instantly."

"Are you dead sure about it, Nick?"

"Yes."

"Then we ought to be getting down into the street and across to that building, instead of standing here."

"One of us ought. The other should remain here on watch. You go!"

"Very well."

"When I see you before the entrance across the street I will follow. If I should see anybody leave the building before you get there, I'll chase along as quickly as I can."

Five minutes later Nick saw the inspector across the street at the entrance to the Margate Building.

The detective lost no time in following him, and, as Nick had seen nobody attempt to leave that building during the interval, he stepped forward and rang the bell for the night man.

He had intended to do that very thing anyway after he should have finished with the examination of Deering's papers, for he wanted to question the man about the occurrences of the preceding night.

It was some minutes before the night man appeared, and then he admitted them at once, for it so happened that the inspector was in uniform.

"Let me see your book," Nick said to the man. "I want to know who has entered the building since you closed it for the night."

"Nobody has entered it, sir," was the reply.

"Have you been through the building since you came on duty?"

"Twice, sir. At seven, and again at eight. I go again at nine."

"Are many of the tenants still in their offices?"

"A very few, sir; a half dozen at the most."

"I just saw a face at the window of room twelve hundred and eighteen, although the room itself was dark. Was there a light there when you made your rounds?"

"No, sir; not that I remember. I don't think there was a light anywhere on the twelfth floor."

"Can you be sure about it?"

"Reasonably sure, sir."

"Can you lock this front door so that nobody can get out of it unless you let them out?"

"I can."

"Do so. That's it. Now give me the key. Is there any other key to that door?"

"No, sir."

"Is there any other way out of the building at this time of night besides that door? Could a person go out through the basement, or the engine room, or in any manner?"

"It would be impossible."

"Is there more than this one flight of stairs around the elevator shaft to take one up inside the building?"

"No, sir."

"Have you got a gun?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, you stand here on guard. The inspector and I are going to take the elevator to the top of the building—I'm afraid you will have to walk there later, for we shall walk down; still we can bring the elevator down a floor at a time—if any person, no matter who it may be, should come down the stairs while we are above, you are to hold that person here, at the point of your pistol, if necessary, until we return. Understand that?"

"I do, sir."

"Is there a way from the top floor of the building to the roof?"

"There is, sir, but it is locked."

"You have the key to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me. Now, you have a different set of pass-keys for each floor, I suppose, haven't you?"

"Three for each floor, sir; thirty-six in all. But they are small keys on big rings; I can carry them all on my arm and still have the use of my hands."

"Get them for me, and explain their uses to me when you have done so."

The man disappeared into his cubby-hole of an office behind the elevator for a moment, returning presently with the keys.

"Will you tell me what you are going to do, sir?" the night man asked. "This is somewhat irregular, and even the uniform of the inspector would not induce me to give up all those keys if it were not for the fact that I recognize him, as well as his uniform; so I know it's all right. All the same I will have to make a report about it."

The inspector answered.

"Quite right," he said. "You may say in making your report that Inspector Blank and Mr. Carter were in an office in the building across the street when they saw a face at one of the windows of this building, which led them to suppose that a person, whom they are very anxious to catch, was in hiding here, and that they came here to search for that person. That is all that will be necessary."

"Thank you, inspector."

"And the superintendent can call upon me at headquarters in regard to it, if he cares to do so."

"Thank you."

"How many offices on each floor of the building?" Nick asked then.

"Forty, sir."

He led the way toward the elevator, but as he stepped into it he said to his companion:

"It's rather a large contract to search all those offices to-night, inspector, but I think it should be done; don't you?"

"By all means. We can do it in a couple of hours, and do it thoroughly, too. We'll begin at the top floor. That is your idea, isn't it, Nick?"

"At the roof; then the top floor. There might be a duplicate key to the roof, too."

"That's true enough."

"We've got work cut out for us, inspector."

"Well, let us hope that it will produce results then," was the reply.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BLOOD SPOTS ON THE FLOOR.

They went out upon the roof, and, while one of them remained near the top of the stairway, the other searched thoroughly every possible place of concealment that was there—but with no result.

They returned to the top floor of the building, relocked the door after them, and, by previous arrangement in which they had decided to alternate with each other at each floor, Nick stood at the elevator, commanding the stairway, while the inspector made the rounds of the room.

They snapped on the lights in the corridors, and each, as he entered a room, snapped on the lights with which it was provided.

Rooms such as those were are easily and quickly searched. There were no closets and cubby-holes to examine, and no beds to peer beneath, no wardrobes to examine. Once the lights are turned on in an office, there is not much of the room that cannot be seen at a glance.

When the inspector returned to Nick he had used up just ten minutes of time. They went then to the fifteenth floor, one using the elevator, the other taking the stairs, and there Nick made the rounds of the rooms while the inspector stood on watch at the top of the stairs. The time was ten minutes.

And so they came finally to the twelfth floor where they really expected that something would be discovered, although they were doomed to disappointment.

It happened that it was the inspector's turn to make the round of the rooms at the twelfth, and he occupied rather more time than had been used hitherto for each of the floors. When he returned to Nick he said:

"Before I tell you anything I want you to go to twelve hundred and eighteen and look around for yourself. I am of the opinion that somebody has been there within an hour or less, although there is nothing that I can find on the whole floor now. But go to that room and have a look at it."

Nick went. When he returned the inspector said:

"Well?"

"You referred to those two tiny spots of blood, didn't you?" Nick asked.

"Yes; on the floor under the window. What did you make of them."

"Somebody was standing there at about the time I saw that face at the window; somebody had the nosebleed very suddenly, or somebody bit somebody's lip till it bled; or somebody held an open penknife in somebody's hand and was startled into shutting down upon it hard enough to draw blood. Anyhow, somebody was there."

"Nick, was that face you saw at the window a man or a woman's face?"

"I don't know."

"That is why you have been using the word somebody, eh?"

"Yes."

"What was your impression about it?"

"I couldn't get a definite one. The face was beardless; it was very white. It might have been the face of a boy—or of a girl, for that matter. It was not a tall person, unless the person was stooping while peering out."

"I took a look out myself while I was in there," said the inspector.

"Yes."

"Has it occurred to you that a person would have to be a mighty good shot with a revolver, or even with a rifle, to kill a man at that distance, and in the night at that?"

"Indeed it has."

"The distance, up and across, everything considered, cannot be much less than a hundred feet."

"About that, or a trifle less, I think."

"You could do it; I doubt if I could. I might with a rifle. Now, it isn't likely that a woman could have done it at all, is it?"

"No. It isn't likely."

"And, besides, a woman couldn't very well get into the building——"

"A woman might stay in it. There are lots of girls and women employed in this building in one way and another."

"True. But the accuracy of that shot is what gets me. I don't believe a woman could have done it."

They continued their way through the building to the street floor without incident. They found nothing, and they saw nothing to indicate that there had been anything to discover. They found the night man awaiting them.

"We have made no discovery of any kind," the inspector told him. "We have searched every room in the building. One of us has stood guard while the other searched. Nobody could have got past us up or down the stairs at any of the landings. We have found ten people in the building, on different floors, each attending strictly to business; each properly surprised and interested when it was discovered what our errand was. Not one of the ten can be suspected of being the person we searched for. You have seen or heard nothing, of course?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Well, there is just one thing that we did find."

"Indeed? What was that?"

"Let me look at your fingers, your lips, and your nose a moment."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you lost any blood lately?"

"No, sir."

"You say you have a gun. Let me see it."

"Here it is, sir."

"When did you fire it last?"

"I have never fired it, sir. It has never been fired off yet. I bought it new when I came here to work."

"I have asked you all these questions on general principles, knowing beforehand what the replies would have to be. Did you read the evening papers, my man?"

"No, sir. I don't have a chance to do that till near morning."

"Did you know that Mr. Deering, across the street, had been murdered?"

"No, sir."

"Well, we won't bother you any more to-night."

They passed outside upon the street and there the inspector stopped.

"Nick," he said, "somebody was in that building and in room twelve hundred and eighteen, for you saw that person's face. Somebody has found a way to get out of that building, or has managed to dodge us and remain inside of it. You wait here till I can get to a telephone. I'm going to put two of my men on it for the rest of the night, and we'll wait here till they come."

"It's a good idea, inspector."

"I wouldn't think of doing it if it were not for those two blood spots—unless—— Say, you don't think that the man, if it was a man, could have got out of the place while I was coming down in the elevator across the street, do you—while you were watching at the window?"

"No. I don't."

"Then, by thunder! he's there yet; and there isn't a place for a child to hide in, either."

"There is only one explanation of the present mystery that I can think of," said the detective.

"What is that?"

"We both contented ourselves, in regard to those offices where we did find tenants, by asking them a few questions, and accepting their replies. As the case stands now it begins to look as if we have either seen the criminal in one of those ten persons, or that in one of the rooms occupied variously by those ten persons, there was another person whom we did *not* see."

"That does seem to be about the only explanation, Nick. Shall we go back?"

"No. You go along up to headquarters. I'm going to spend the balance of the night right here."

"That is rather foolish, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. Anyhow, I'm going to do it."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A VERY FORCIBLY RECEIVED CLEW.

Nick walked up and down the street before the big Margate Building in a quandary.

He was going over the various clews in his mind, and it was a difficult task to make them fit. But he was a most systematic man, and he was arranging matters in an orderly manner, in order that he might carry out each little detail, to the very limit of its applicability to this case.

Try as he would he found difficulty in starting them out right—just as one who has many tasks hesitates to pick out the one on which to begin the action. Nick, meanwhile, was standing before an unusually dark entrance to a cigar store, which had closed many hours before. He was scanning the door and the windows of the building very carefully, for it occurred to him that the mysterious "some one" might easily drop down from the second floor of the building if not carefully watched, using some of the water piping or a rope handily concealed.

Suddenly, without so much as a warning rustle, a terrific blow struck Nick Carter from the rear. The stroke landed full on the back of his head, and, had he not been wearing his slouch cap, padded for just these very instances, he might have had a fractured skull. The implement with which he had been struck tumbled over his head. This was doubtless caused by the slight rebound of the padding. It was a heavy whisky bottle, full of liquor at that, for it smashed

down over the shoulders of the detective as he tumbled forward.

There was a grand crash and a splatter of liquor almost in Nick's face as the bottle struck the cement pavement. At the same instant a man sprang over the body of the prostrate detective.

Nick, quick as a flash, shot a hand forward and caught at the leg of the fleeting assailant.

He managed to get a grip on the fellow's leg, but the man was powerfully built, and he wrested himself loose.

So tight was Nick's hold, however, that he retained in his hand the trouser end, which being of cloth that was old and dilapidated, tore loose from the rest of the cloth.

Nick hung onto this as it ripped, and hurried to his feet, dazed more or less by the awful blow which he had received at the hands of the skulking assailant.

"I've got one little feather from this bird of night," was the thought of the detective, as he tucked the piece of cloth away in his pocket. It seemed unimportant, and yet there was no telling; it might come in very handy at some important time.

Nick Carter saw the form of the man speeding down the street, and he was about to start after the fellow. Then he noticed that he turned into a little narrow street, which went down to the right of the Margate Building. He had often noticed this little thoroughfare, frequented generally in the daytime by office boys and hot sandwich men, with occasional organ grinders. He had remarked to his friend Deering that this seemed a curious little street for such a business-laden part of town.

"Why, it looks like a terrific waste of space," Nick had said.

Deering nodded. He agreed with the detective, but told him that the land was entailed in the property of some old church, and had been left open pending some sort of strict legislation on the matter. It led to the basements and clerical rooms of some of the big bank houses. He had been told that it was practically a blind street, with the exception of a little walled entry way which led around the Margate Building and its neighbors back to the other block.

Nick had found this out, at the amusement of his friend Carleton Deering, by continual questioning. But it was valuable information, and the manner of obtaining it was characteristic of the great detective. For he contended that no knowledge of anything in life was too unimportant for advantageous use, at some particular minute in the history of a crime.

Nick now headed back the other way, determined grimly to waylay his assailant with equal roughness, should the light-footed gentleman follow the instincts of so many of his kind by doubling on the trail.

The professional crook is up to all the little advantages of a great city's cover for the criminal classes. In a country town it would be hard for one to pass unnoticed and unremarked in conversation, on the most populous street. But in a great city, the easiest way for a criminal to remain hidden from searching minions of the law, the easiest and surest means of jauntily escaping the clutches of the bluecoats and the detectives has been proved, one hundred times to one, to be best when the fugitive manages to get to temporary cover near a big crowd and then saucily and with absolute calmness to walk on, without an apparent qualm of that rumored possession, the conscience.

So Nick expected that this person would come back, instead of running on, for fear of suspicious bluecoats and plain-clothes men, who might be loitering about for victims.

Nick turned to the left and hurried up the next square.

"I hope those detectives don't get here before I get back, or they will think I am pretty much overrated as a careful man," muttered the detective.

His guess was well-founded, after all. For he did not have to wait long at the farther end of the big block. The man who was running to elude the pursuers, whom he expected, had a big detour to make in order to pass through the narrow little street and the court behind the Margate Building to the door behind.

Nick Carter peered down through this portal, listening eagerly for the sound of excited footsteps. His wait was rewarded, for he heard a man speeding toward him, the sound reechoing along the deserted courtyard.

Carter stepped back into a concealed place again and waited quietly for the other to arrive. As he did so, he went over the case in mind. It was a curious muddle.

"Now, I believe that this man was placed here to get rid of me by foul play," thought the detective. "The mysterious criminal inside that building does not expect a failure in the plans, and yet, somehow, I believe that this assailant knows a good deal about the plans of the great crime. If I could get him, secrete him safely, and then use the 'third-degree' methods down at headquarters, we would be able to spring a pretty good surprise on the person inside."

Carter waited to spring, and he had a pair of nippers in his left hand in such a position that he could slip them on quickly, without interfering with the activity of his right, which contained a very business-like revolver.

Silence might be a very necessary thing under these circumstances. As he thought of it, with the footsteps now ten feet away, Nick decided that silence was immeasurably important. So necessary in this case, in fact, that he suddenly decided to let the man pass by without a word.

He dropped his arms, slipped the handcuffs into his pocket, and the revolver into another pocket. Then he hurriedly took off his shoes and had them in his hand in a jiffy. He was going to follow up his man,

and not let anything look suspicious to the person in the building above. Nick wanted to let the rascal give whatever signal of success he desired to give to the mysterious possessor of the face at the window.

At the same time, he pulled the dark collar of his coat up about his jaw and draped his face, with a black silk handkerchief, from over his forehead, in order that hardly a speck of white could be visible to the man.

This was a very crafty thought. One who has been walking in the dark gets extremely acute and able to see things very plainly. Nick knew this, and guarded against it so cleverly, with his hands held behind his back, that when a tall, ambling individual slipped out of the doorway to the inner court—scarcely ten feet away from him—and breathed a sigh of relief, as he looked up and down the street, not a single speck of betraying white could be seen. The man looked right in his direction, and Nick, peering through a little hole in the black silk handkerchief, could see his face very plainly.

It was a curious physiognomy. There was a long nose, which would doubtless have shown a lobster hue on its tip, had any one been able to turn a search-light on the fellow just that instant. The man's chin came upward, much like that of *Mr. Punch* in the "Punch and Judy" performance, until it nearly met the long proboscis.

Nick remained quiet, and noted that the other man straightened up and sighed in a peculiarly happy manner.

The man laughed quietly and drew something from his pocket, which he sniffed into his nostrils in a peculiar way.

"Huh," thought Nick Carter, "that man is taking some sort of dope as sure as I'm standing here. I'll get him, all right, through the habit, if by no other way. It always gives them away."

"Ah, a good job!" muttered the man. "It's been a hard thing to get Nick Carter, and now I'll go on home."

Carter heard these words. By this time he was certain that the person whose face he had espied at the window had recognized him in turn, when he stood at Carleton Deering's office portal, looking up at the Margate Building. Mentally he despised himself for his carelessness in this case. Here he had for years covered up his actions in a case of study like this, and now a little slip had given the secret away entirely. It would have been an easy matter for the "somebody" inside the Margate structure to telephone to some secret rendezvous and to direct this tall rascal to come and end the career of the detective.

Nick had not been in disguise as he stood at the window of his friend's office. Likewise, he had often been a visitor with the dead man, because of their extreme friendliness. He was always particular about keeping his photograph out of the papers. Yet he judged that this murder was the result of some personal spite—from some source close at hand to Deering's own life—and consequently, most likely from a person who recognized Carter easily in that moment of exposure.

The detective had it all worked out to his partial satisfaction, at least. He watched silently the man who had given him the terrible blow, and, as he felt the throbbing of the painful stroke, which even the padded service cap had not entirely prevented, Nick's impulse was to wreak vengeance at once.

"But no—he'll hang himself, if I give him enough rope," Nick thought, and he restrained his wrath.

The man walked leisurely across the street, and, as he did so, Nick espied him adroitly adjusting a false mustache and a large soft black hat which altered his looks completely. The detective was forced to smile, for here was a person who evidently followed some of his own methods.

"This can be no ordinary criminal," Nick muttered, as he glided along the shadow of the building in his stocking feet. "This must be the member of some crafty organization of men, who are following a detective with regulation sleuth methods. I must play doubly sly with him."

The man deliberately strolled along the front of the building where Deering's office was located. He was looking intently at the place where the detective had been struck with the missile. The fellow was surprised to see no sign of the assaulted man, nor any evidence of excitement. He walked across the street, looked into the dark doorway where he had been before. Then he snapped his fingers and muttered an angry exclamation to himself, which the detective, peering carefully about the corner of the neighboring building could hear faintly.

"Well, he's giving some sort of signal to the person above," was Nick's thought. "There is method in his madness—he would never have crossed over there to be so near arrest—and that building's windows, if such was not his purpose."

He saw that there would be no use in his walking along with his shoes off, for this man would doubtless lead him a merry chase. Nick pulled them on again, and drew from his pocket a little expedient of his own. It was merely a pair of very low-cut rubber overshoes, of thick rubber, but barely covering the soles of his shoes. They were ideal for following such a man as this one.

The man started down the street in a leisurely way, which gave Nick time to change his own appearance. He adjusted a pair of grizzled whiskers of that variety known as "dundrearies," and with a few skillful lines from a grease-paint stick, guided almost by instinct, as he applied them in the dark, Nick changed his appearance entirely.

He twisted his coat in a curious manner, pulling it back and away from his collar, and buttoning it up with one of the buttons twisted. The effect of this was to make his clothes look as though they were

made for a much larger man. Nick added to the illusion by loosening his belt, twisting his trousers a little, and turning them up from the bottom. Then he scribbled a little note on his card, using a pencil, and resting the pasteboard on the wall of the building. It merely said: "Watch the entrance until the detectives come. You get reward of twenty-five dollars if you prevent escape of person inside.—N. C."

He hurried now, pretending to hobble along the street in the manner of a rheumatic old fellow—shuffling his feet and twitching his knees in a painful-looking manner. It would have fooled any one. It certainly fooled the watchman of the building who was looking out of the locked door grating as he passed, and quickly shoved the card inside to the man.

"Well, I'll be jiggered! If that's the detective I never seen anything like it," muttered the watchman, rubbing his eyes. The writing was a good tip just the same, and it would cost him nothing. So he remained by the door dutifully.

Nick had never lost sight of the easy-going criminal ahead of him, and he followed on as slyly as a cat. The man turned to the right, down one deserted block, and then to the left for three more blocks. He was gradually taking his course to the East Side of the city. Here, in the old buildings and ramshackle structures, Nick felt sure the fellow would dodge into some secret doorway or entry to the headquarters of the gang.

Such men invariably herded together, and Nick was sure that now he was on the right track of the murderers of his friend.

"If I can only catch the rascals in their lair, and then hustle back to round up the one who carried out the actual deed, it would be a splendid night's work."

The detective quickened his hobble, or pace, as it would be better described. His footsteps gave no warning to the man in front, and, needless to say, Nick dodged now and again in such a manner as to attract no suspicion.

Nick's guess was realized, for suddenly, almost in front of his eyes, the man disappeared into a dark entryway.

"Quick action now," Carter told himself, and he hustled up to be as near the door as possible, before the man could get very far inside.

Nick reached the doorway to find it shut. He quickly felt the knob and the keyhole beneath it. Now, if the reader has ever noticed locks much he will remember that a variety of the most newfangled patents has a round disk, in which is a very small slit. A curiously made key, almost impossible to imitate, or to use upon the lock without the exact duplication of its little angles, was necessary for the opening of this particular one, which seemed oddly out of place on an old-fashioned wooden door which seemed so antique that one would think it only necessary to "slap" it to make the boards cave in.

"I'll get in here quickly enough," muttered Nick, and he drew out of his pocket a bunch of keys. "It's a hard one, but should yield to reason. Now, I'll give it every chance—with every key."

He had noiselessly slipped about ten keys into the little curious slot, when suddenly he was given one of the biggest surprises of his life. A woman had slipped up behind him, and she was silently and cruelly twisting a silk handkerchief about his neck. He did not try to call for help, for Nick Carter never wasted much time in calling for help! He dropped to the ground, and in this way the noose of silk, held by the woman's hands close to her waist, was pulled upon in the easiest part for extrication. Nick gave his head a backward jerk against the woman's body, and he was out of her bonds before she realized what had happened.

He was lying on the ground. He gave three swift and determined kicks against the door as though he were sending a signal inside. At the same time the mysterious woman, who was evidently one of the gang, screamed with all her might to save her companions:

"It's the cops! cops!"

But before she could even enunciate this warning clearly Nick had rolled sideways, and with his wonderful physical powers had sprung to his feet at her side. Her own silk handkerchief was now a gag, and at the same time Nick kicked the door again.

He slipped the nippers on her hands with the rapidity of a machine, and then prepared himself for the first comer.

"Bo, come on, the cops are gittin' ready," said Nick, in a hoarse voice. The door was opening slowly, and Nick reached in, with daring swiftness, and caught the man who appeared—the tall fellow with the unforgetable face. He caught him by the arm, and pulled him out with a jerk—the man was down on the ground from this unexpected onslaught. Carter had another pair of handcuffs on the man, this time with the chain between them, between his legs, a very good way in which to nip a man and prevent a running escape.

The man yelled lustily, and a revolver barked through the crack in the door. But Nick's own weapon barked just as loudly. The door shut with a slam, and there Nick stood with two prisoners.

He tooted his police whistle, and inside of three minutes had five bluecoats there with him.

The policemen recognized the prisoners as belonging to a gang whom they had suspected for some time. They raided the house promptly, and, although the other members escaped, they found evidences of regular, systematic theft.

"I'll get you yet, Nick Carter! You sent me to the pen for five years, an' I never break my oath!" cried the tall man.

They found that they had caught the two ringleaders of these banded thieves, and the man's threat did not worry him. The complaint of Nick for as-

sault with intent to kill against both of them, with the stolen articles, was enough to send them up for a long term.

He had made a good capture, but was now convinced that the attack on him was just an incident, and in no wise connected with the mysterious murder of his friend, and Nick hurried on back to the Margate Building, for fear that something had developed since he left it.

In this he was agreeably disappointed.

## CHAPTER X.

### NICK CARTER REASONS IT OUT.

The great Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, once wrote the greatest thing that has ever been written by any man's pen, in the humble opinion of the compiler of these records. The subject of that achievement was "Opportunity." But there is another quality which goes hand in hand with opportunity—if it may be called a quality—and it is, if we may bestow a somewhat trite name upon it, Intuition.

In animals less than man it is called instinct; but whatever one may decide to name it, the definition of it might be given as follows: The latent ability that is born of experience which bestows the power to see and recognize an opportunity.

Nick Carter's detective work throughout all his career, which has resulted in so many great successes, has been based upon his ability to group facts, to focus his attention upon them, to cast aside the worthless, and to make the most of the valuable, and to recognize in a flash of thought the relation of one fact to another.

Throughout the various careers of Carleton Deering, as reviewed by the detective since the murder, the one point of it all that stood out most prominently in the mind of the detective was Deering's periods of forgetfulness.

Now, Deering had been foully murdered; he had been shot down without remorse and in the most cold-blooded and deliberate manner, and the very appearance of things in connection with the crime demonstrated, to Nick Carter's mind, that the assassin had undergone a long period of preparation for it before the commission of the crime.

Nobody could deny that fact.

There was first, on the part of the assassin who awaited an opportunity to commit the deed, the knowledge that Deering was in the habit of working nights at his office when engaged upon the preparation of an important case at law.

There was the knowledge that he did not draw the curtains at his windows at such times, but sat at his desk in his private office in a blaze of electric lights in full view of any person who selected or might select a proper window for viewing him from the building opposite.

There was, as had been already proven, knowledge on the part of the assassin concerning the location of the offices in the Margate Building; knowledge of the tenants of those offices, and of the habits of those tenants; and this was evident because there was another window in the Margate Building from which the target would have been even more advantageously placed.

But the window of Creighton's office had been selected.

All this might be grouped under what we will call point one, in bringing Nick Carter to the decision he made when he told the inspector that he would pass the balance of that night practically where he was in front of the Margate Building.

Point two had been born of that conversation he had held with Allison Deering, in which she had related that circumstance of her conversation with her father at the time he had manifested anger because of her reference to a possible other woman than her mother who had some time in the past influenced his life.

The detective explained to himself that attitude of Deering's in this way:

That somewhere in the past of Deering as Maddox or as Carleton there had been another woman; not necessarily a wife; but, at least, a sweetheart.

That Deering had not kept silent about that former relation, particularly in his talks with Nick Carter at various times because it was something that he was ashamed of and would not tell about, but because his memory concerning it was so vague that he could not tell about it and still be sure of what he was telling.

That somewhere in his past there had been a relation of the sort which came back to him so vaguely that it was little more than an indistinct dream, and that while he might have been certain that such an experience had been his, he had not been able to recall the particulars of it, and more than likely had totally forgotten the name and even the face and the general appearance of that person.

There you have a man groping in the dark with an unseen, unknown terror hanging over his head ready to fall upon and crush him at any moment—and with Deering, in such a condition of mind, the falling and the crushing would find Allison, the daughter, for a victim.

Perhaps he had remembered it so vaguely that he feared that there might have even been a previous marriage, creating the unthinkable condition that Allison's mother had never been really his wife, although he had not knowingly sinned in marrying her. But picture to yourself the nature of that man's thought when he contemplated such a condition. Is it any wonder that he was reticent until he could be sure.

Point three, therefore, would point to a woman as the one who had committed the crime, notwithstanding the inspector's remarks concerning marksmanship; and this point brought the detective to the inevitable conclusion that the assassin was a woman.

Following out these points to others, logically, and

under the rule of recapitulation, point four must necessarily provide that the woman, or the man who had committed the deed in behalf of some woman, must be one who was familiar with the interior of the Margate building and who had ready access to it; whose comings and goings would attract no attention at all; whose presence there was an established fact; whose identity there was so well known and so well recognized that she would attract little or no attention from the tenants and frequenters of the building no matter what she did.

Point five took up the inspector's statement in regard to the actual shooting.

Ability to hit a target does not belong to man alone; women have demonstrated that they are quite as capable in that line as men over and over again; and what woman who has the nerve to determine some day to kill a man with a bullet, could not learn to shoot with a rifle or with a pistol, or with a long-barreled revolver that is provided with an adjustable skeleton stock to fit against the shoulder?

Point six comprehended the search that Nick and the inspector had made of the building, which had been thorough indeed as we know, and it resolved itself into this: Either that the person, man or woman, had created a hiding place somewhere in the building that was so well concealed that even the searching eyes of those two men had overlooked it, or she—or he—had actually been inside of one of the offices that they had searched—in one of the suites variously occupied by the ten tenants they had found there.

Point seven was the indisputable fact that Nick Carter had seen the face at the window of room 1218, that the face had disappeared, and that during the subsequent search for the owner of it, there had been no face seen that even so much as resembled it.

Of course, the view that Nick Carter had of the face was imperfect and brief; of course, he could not at that distance and under those circumstances, have identified it even if it had been one that should have been known to him; but he had seen enough to know that there had been certain aspects about that face which would have made him recognize it instantly if he had encountered it again during the subsequent search of the building.

Point eight was the certainty in the detective's mind that that person had not been able to leave the building since he had seen the face at the window.

Point nine was the conviction in the detective's mind that during the night—or at all events before daylight in the morning—the ten tenants who were then at work in the building would take their several departures, and would leave it practically untenanted save by the watchman—and the person whom Nick Carter sought.

Point ten, and the last one, was the belief that there would be sufficient time after the last of those ten tenants had gone, to make another search of the building before it should be thrown open for another day's business; the knowledge that he would have two of the inspector's men to aid him in that search, and the conviction that the assassin could be found there, must be found there, and could not escape him now.

That is why he chose to remain standing in front of the Margate Building when the inspector took his departure to return to headquarters; and that is why he was standing almost upon the same spot when the two men summoned by the inspector arrived.

During that interval seven of the ten tenants inside the building had gone away, and Nick had permitted them to pass without so much as making his presence known to them.

Two more came out and went away while the detective was discussing the affair with the two men from the central office. The tenth and last one came out within half an hour after that. The superintendent did not sleep in the building, and, therefore, so far as the knowledge of the detective went, there was then no other person remaining inside the building than the night man on duty.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A FRUITLESS QUEST.

After Nick Carter supposed the building to be deserted save by the watchman, he had preferred to wait. There was still the possibility that that other and unknown person might now believe the coast to be cleared, and so attempt to go away.

But the night deepened and no one else came out; the hours passed until it got to be nearly three in the morning, and then Nick Carter pressed the electric button at the door again—and woke up the watchman who came, sleepy-eyed, to admit them.

"You are back again," he said, not very pleasantly; but then he had been disturbed of his rest.

"Yes," replied Nick, smiling. "Sorry to wake you out of your beauty sleep."

"Huh! I wasn't asleep."

"Of course not. That was a joke of mine. We're going to make a second search of the building. Your life is not safe here alone, and with a murderer concealed somewhere on the premises."

"If you couldn't find him before, it isn't likely that you can do it now, is it?"

"We can at least make another effort."

"I don't know about that. I don't know that I have any right to permit it. The inspector ain't with you now."

"These two gentlemen will show their shields and therefore their authority."

"Oh, well, go ahead if you want to."

"We will take you with us this time," said Nick. "The four of us will begin at the top of the building and work down, when you have locked that front door."

The watchman, who had recovered his good humor,

did as directed. Then the detective sent the three men into one of the elevators, and from his pockets produced two boxes of talcum powder for which he had dispatched a passing wanderer while he was waiting outside the building for the men from the central office.

He sifted some of the contents of one of the boxes over seven of the lower steps of the first flight of stairs, and thoroughly over the floor of the hall from the stairs to the door, and around in front of the elevators; in fact, everywhere that a person would be likely to step if one should descend during their absence.

The remaining box he carried with him, and he stopped the elevator at each floor and used more of the powder in the same manner.

From the top floor they went at once to the roof—with the same result as upon the first visit there; but in leaving the roof after it had been searched Nick used more of the powder on the steep stairs that led to it and along the floor at the bottom of those stairs.

Descending floor by floor in that manner, they gave particular attention to the offices where men had been occupied by some duty or other on the occasion of their first visit; but even in these rooms they discovered no signs that suggested the presence of an eleventh person.

At each floor, before they descended to the one beneath it, they examined the talcum powder that had been sprinkled about, for any sign that a person had passed that way during their absence—and found no such sign.

And so they came to the street floor of the building again; so they entered the lower regions of the building; so they returned to the place from whence they had begun the search.

"It's no use, Mr. Carter," said one of the men from headquarters as he lighted a cigar when the search was over. "I'll take my oath that there isn't a person inside of this building other than ourselves."

"And I'll take my oath there is one," replied Nick."

"But, man alive, where is he?"

"I don't know."

"You see for yourself——"

"I saw for myself. I know there is a person here, because I saw that person, and because I know that it has been impossible since then for him or her to leave the building without my knowledge."

"Then it was one of the ten tenants."

"I don't think so. I am satisfied to the contrary."

The man from headquarters shrugged his shoulders as if to say that there was no use whatever in continuing that form of argument.

"Well, we're under your orders, Mr. Carter. That's what we were sent down here for. What are we to do now?"

"Wait."

"Right here?"

"Yes." He turned to the watchman. "What time do you open the front door?" he asked.

"At six. We used to open it at seven, until about two years ago. Then Mr. Creighton applied to the owners and had them open it at six. He always gets down before seven, and sometimes at six even."

"Mr. Creighton, eh?" Nick looked at his watch. "It will be six o'clock in less than an hour," he said. "We'll use up the time in smoking and chatting together. I want to be here when the building is opened."

"Perhaps you expect to catch the murderer coming in," ventured one of the men from headquarters; Nick replied coldly:

"This is hardly a time for facetiousness, sir. You are here under orders."

"I beg your pardon," he replied quickly. "But, honestly, it doesn't seem to be possible that any person could have been hiding in this building without our finding him, in the thorough search that we have made."

"I know. I don't blame you. I would probably feel the same way if I had been sent here as you were sent, and had to depend upon the word of another man for a seemingly impossible occurrence."

"I didn't mean that I doubted your word, Carter."

"No; what you did mean, and do mean now, is that you think I might have deceived myself at the time I saw that face at the window. Isn't that it?"

"Frankly it is. The lights in the streets—and reflection and refraction sometimes play strange freaks—might have given you that impression so vividly that——"

"Never mind the argument. I know that I saw the face. I know that the owner of that face has not left the building. That is all there is about it."

"Say," said the other man, "this chap Creighton that the watchman was talking about—isn't he the one who occupies room twelve hundred and eighteen?"

"Yes."

"And that's the room from which the shot was

fired, isn't it? Well, if this was my funeral I'd take him up to headquarters and put him through the third degree; just a gentle one, you know. I reckon he knows more about this affair than appears on the surface."

"You won't have that opinion after you have seen him and talked with him—that is if you were made a detective because of real ability."

"Huh! I don't know about that."

"It never does any good to suspect innocent persons, unless you create the suspicion for a definite reason; because the person is supposed to have knowledge of who might be guilty. But Paul Creighton has no such knowledge—that he is aware of."

"Why did you make that remark in just that manner, Carter?"

"Didn't you ever possess knowledge of a fact without realizing that you possessed it?" the detective asked.

"I don't think so."

"Can you stand where you are now, without moving, and tell me of every single article that is now contained in your right-hand trousers pocket? Everything, coins and otherwise?"

"Well, perhaps not."

"Yet you put everything there that is there, didn't you? And if you should concentrate your mind upon that subject long enough, in the effort to recall all of it, you would be able to do so. However, that is only an argument. We'll drop the subject now. I want to do some thinking—some concentrating."

There was scarcely a word spoken after that until the time arrived when the watchman announced that he would open the front door for the day.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MISSING KEY.

The detective turned at once to the two men who had been sent to him by the inspector to aid him.

"I will give you your directions now," he said. "I want each of you to follow them out literally, no matter what your private opinions may happen to be. Understand that?"

"Yes," they replied together.

"Coogan, you will wait here at the door, no matter whether I remain here or not, just half an hour. At the end of half an hour you will go to the top floor of the building, and thence to the roof, taking the key to the roof door with you."

"What am I to do up there?"

"You are merely to examine the condition of the talcum powder that I spread upon the steps that lead to the roof. If you find footprints there, you will, of course, return and report to me at once. If you do not find any you will remain on the top floor of the building, having again locked the door that leads to the roof, and you will watch that door until you are called away from it. Is that clear?"

"Quite."

"Brogan, you will remain here also. If any tenant enters the building, or any person enters it who is not known to the watchman, you will go up in the elevator with that person and trace him to his office, making a note of where he went. Here comes the elevator man now, I suspect."

"Yes," said that watchman. "That's him."

"What are you going to do, Mr. Carter?" one of the men asked.

"My actions will depend largely upon circumstances. Just now I am awaiting the appearance of Mr. Creighton; and it shall be my added duty to watch here for any person that may be leaving the building."

"Looking for that face that you saw at the window?"

"Yes."

It was a quarter to seven o'clock when Mr. Paul Creighton came in at the wide doorway of the Margate Building and stopped to greet Nick Carter whom he instantly recognized. Both of the officers from headquarters had disappeared.

"I am glad that I found you here, Mr. Carter," said Creighton immediately after the greeting that he bestowed upon the detective. "I want to discuss that matter a little further with you. Were you waiting for me?"

"In part, yes."

"I have been doing some detective work myself, Mr. Carter," said the old gentleman. "Will you come to my office while I tell you about it?"

"There are reasons why I prefer to remain here," replied the detective. "You can tell me about it here just as well."

"Perhaps. May I ask if you are waiting here because you suspect that the person who committed that crime may be coming in presently?"

"It is because I suspect that the person to whom you refer may be going out soon."

"Oh! Then you suspect that the murderer is here in the building now?"

"Yes."

"I assume, then, that you have been here some time, sir?"

"I have been here practically all night."

"Indeed."

"Now, what is it that you have to tell me? What is the nature of the detective work that you have been endeavoring to do, Mr. Creighton?"

"When you left me yesterday I gave myself up entirely to the consideration of all that you had told me. You seemed certain that the crime was committed from my office—from the window of it. You made a cursory examination of the office, but not what I would call a thorough one. You did not associate me with the crime at all, and because you did not, you assumed that the murderer had merely entered my office, fired the bullet on its errand after opening the window, and had then departed again as he came.

"You will pardon me for getting at all this in rather an old-fashioned manner, but I am an old man, nearly eighty, and I do things in a slow way."

"I understand, sir."

"Well, I sat there in my chair after you had gone, thinking it over; trying to do so in a logical and an unprejudiced spirit. I said to myself first that the person who did it must have possessed a key that fitted the lock of the door to twelve hundred and eighteen, or the door to twelve hundred and twenty-two. The other doors to that suite have book cases against them and cannot be opened.

"I could account for every key to twelve hundred and twenty-two. I had two keys to twelve hundred and eighteen, my own office. One of them was in my pocket; the other one was, I supposed, in one of the small drawers inside my safe. I went to the safe and searched for it. It was not there."

"By Jove, Mr. Creighton, we're getting warm!" said Nick.

"That thought led me to further considerations. I asked myself how that key could have disappeared from the small drawer in my safe without my knowledge?"

"Could you answer the question?" asked Nick.

"Wait a moment. The combination of my safe has remained the same ever since I purchased it. I keep nothing but papers in it. I have had the safe a great many years. I have never had occasion to tell another person that combination, and yet I am positive that I have not taken that missing key from that drawer myself."

"When did you last see it there?"

"I am coming to that."

"Excuse me."

"I returned to my chair at the desk and sat down. I endeavored to remember when I had last noticed that key. To the best of my ability that time was between four and five years ago."

"Goodness! That won't help us any."

"Perhaps it will. Wait! That particular drawer in my safe is used as the receptacle of some old letters, and a few trivial keepsakes to which I never have occasion to refer. They are things which hark back many years in my life, sir, and, therefore, I very rarely open that drawer at all. Yesterday, when I did open it in search of that key, I could not remember when I had opened it before—that is, not until I sat down to think it over quietly."

"Then is when you remembered."

"Yes. I remembered. I referred to my diary and proved it. It happened some months more than four years ago, at a time when I opened the drawer to take out a child's gold ring that was among my keepsakes. I wished to send the ring to a friend who had a child. The small box that contained the ring was at the bottom of the drawer."

"I see."

"The key was underneath it. I saw it then."

"But——"

"I also had two small diamond rings in that drawer, Mr. Carter. They were also missing."

"Oho."

"My office was somewhat differently arranged from what it is now, until two years ago. Up to that time I did a considerable commission business with South America, and I kept a private stenographer who could write letters in Spanish for me. She occupied a desk in my room, over near the window from which the shot was fired—and she was seated, as I recall it, so that she could see into that window across the street into which the shot was fired."

"Wait! When did she leave your employ, Mr. Creighton?"

"Two years ago, when I abandoned the commission business with South America."

"What was her name?"

"Agnes Maddox."

"What?"

"Agnes Maddox."

"Oh, well, the name may be merely a coincidence. Maddox is not an uncommon name."

"No; it is quite a common one. I have several acquaintances by that name who are not related to one another."

"How old was she, when she worked for you, should you say?"

"She might have been anywhere from thirty-five to forty-five. She was one of the sort whose age is uncertain. She was certainly approaching middle age, however."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"No."

"Have you ever seen her since she left your employ?"

"Several times; on the street."

"How lately? When did you see her last?"

"Less than a week ago."

"Where was that?"

"Directly in front of this building. I was going out of it on my way home; she seemed to be passing it, perhaps on her way home also."

"Did you speak with her?"

"I bowed to her, that is all."

"What was her address when she was in your employ?"

"I searched for it yesterday and could not find it; and I have forgotten what it was. That is as much as I can tell you in regard to her, Mr. Carter; but I have other things to tell you."

"Well, sir?"

"I determined in my own mind that that woman took those diamonds and the missing key. She is the only person who has had an opportunity to observe me when I have been in the act of opening my safe, but she was frequently there when I did it. She might have secured the combination easily in that way. And I recall now that when I saw her on the street recently, she was constrained as if she wished to avoid me. I did not notice it particularly at the time, but in the light of these developments I recalled it. Then I began to think over certain habits that she had, and I determined to look further.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A WOMAN WITH RED HAIR.

"You are interesting me very deeply, and I——" The detective ceased speaking abruptly, for at that moment the detective he had sent to the top of the building to the stairs to the roof stepped out from the elevator and came rapidly toward him.

"Wait just a moment, Mr. Creighton," Nick said quickly. "Don't go away. Well, Coogan?"

Coogan drew the detective aside.

"You were right," he said, with some excitement in his tones. "Somebody was here all the time, though how——"

"Never mind that. Tell me what you have discovered."

"Somebody has come down those stairs from the roof of the building to the top floor, since you sprinkled that talcum powder up there," Coogan replied. "Somebody has trodden upon that talcum powder and has left marks there, but discovered the fact and tried to rub out whatever imprint there was."

"Oh, I see! It was not swept up, then?"

"No."

"Well, did you look along the floor of the corridor for further marks left by the powder? It must have been tracked beyond that point."

"If it was the tracks had been rubbed out in the same manner."

"Just rubbed out, eh? There had been no effort to sweep up the powder?"

"No."

"Go back up there and keep watch until I call you off. It is just possible that the party may return to sweep up all of the powder, although it is not likely. Don't permit any person, not even the superintendent of the building, to go to the roof."

"All right. I was thinking that——" He stopped.

"What?"

"That the owner of the face at the window might try to leave the building, now that we know——"

"I'll look out for that. Get back to the top floor without delay."

Nick returned to Mr. Creighton.

"You were saying that then you began to think over certain habits that the woman had in order to look farther into the matter," he said. "What did you do then?"

"I began a thorough examination of the room. I began with the wastebasket, although I knew that it had been emptied since the morning, though possibly not since the murderer was in that room. I found this, Mr. Carter."

He thrust a hand into one of his pockets and drew forth the shell of a cartridge of thirty-eight caliber.

"Undoubtedly that once contained the bullet that killed Mr. Deering," he said.

"Yes. But it does not help us in this affair."

"Wait. It helped me—and in this affair, too."

"How?"

"It reminded me of another incident that I had totally forgotten. I do not remember trivial things as I did when I was a younger man."

"What was it?"

"The discovery of this cartridge shell in the waste basket brought back to my mind that it was not the first time I had discovered cartridge shells in the same place; and the other time was when Miss Maddox was in my employ."

"Oh, I see! By the way, *was* she *Miss* Maddox?"

"Yes. She was not married; or, at least, that is what she told me."

"Now, about those other shells that you found, long ago. When was it?"

"I don't remember the date, or the year, even; but it was some time before she left my employ."

"And what was the circumstance?"

"I was searching in the wastebasket for something that I wished to recover that had been thrown into it, when I came upon some shells. There were five of them. I regarded them curiously. They were unusual things to find in my wastebasket. I said: 'Where in the world did these come from?' or words to that effect. Miss Maddox was at her desk, typing. She looked up to see what it was that I referred to, flushed a little, and replied that she had thrown them there.

"I asked her how she came to have such things in her possession, and she replied that target practice with a pistol was her favorite pastime.

"'But you do not keep a pistol here, do you?' I asked her.

"She told me that she did not, but that she found the shells in her hand bag and had thrown them into the basket. That is all there is of that incident."

"It is sufficiently significant, however, Mr. Creighton."

"Yes; I thought so. Now, there is one more thing."

"Well?"

"I made, as I have said, a thorough search of the room. On the floor, over near the washbasin, behind some bundles of papers where it had fallen, I found this hairpin. Those bundles of papers to which I refer, on the floor, were dropped down there temporarily, just three days ago; and the hairpin, as you see, is practically a new one."

"Yes."

"In the cabinet over the washstand I had two clean towels—I supply my own towels, and do not patronize the towel-service companies. I had not used either of those towels, but one of them had been used, and refolded afterward. It was not so when I put it there the morning of the day that preceded the death of Mr. Deering."

"But we are certain now that the woman was there; or practically so. This is only an added proof, Mr. Creighton."

"Clinging to my brush was one long red hair. Miss Maddox had red hair that was beginning to get gray. One of the habits I referred to a moment ago was that she kept a brush of her own in that cabinet, and I have seen her make use of it a dozen times in one day; just a stroke or two at a time. I used to smile at her and think that she did it in order to cover the gray hairs. That is all, Mr. Carter."

"Is there no further information that you can give me concerning her?"

"No."

"Was she a competent stenographer?"

"One of the best I ever employed. She could translate into Spanish, French, and German, too."

"Then it is likely that she is still employed in the same line, somewhere in the city, particularly as you saw her on the street so recently."

"I think so."

"And it is not unlikely that she is employed in this very building."

"Still you have not seen her in the building, and you would be likely to do so, don't you think?"

"On the contrary I would be extremely unlikely to see her."

"Why?"

"I rarely leave my office after I enter it in the morning until I leave it again to return to my home at evening. I never go out for luncheon; and my eyesight is not so good as it was forty years ago."

"I wonder if you are young enough to do a service for me that would help me very much indeed?" Nick asked.

"Indeed I am, in a matter of this kind; although I should be sorry to believe that a woman could have committed that crime."

"I have thought all along that it was done by a woman," said Nick.

"What is it that you wish me to do for you?"

"It is an immense task for one of your age, Mr. Creighton. Still I believe that you can do it."

"What is it?"

"I am assured that the woman we have been talk-

ing about is inside of this building at the present moment; that she is in one of the offices where she is employed; I am equally sure that you would recognize her if you should see her."

"Without doubt?"

"Do you think you could stand it to go from door to door of the offices in the building, and to penetrate far enough to get a view of the stenographer, or of the working force in each office? I don't care if it takes you hours to do it, you know."

"Yes. I think I can do that. But——"

"You can make any excuse that occurs to you at the moment for entering an office."

"But, if I discover her, what shall I do then?"

"Appear not to have noticed her, if that is possible. Get out of the office as soon as you can and return here to me, and tell me where she is to be found."

"I will undertake the task, Mr. Carter."

"Thank you. I would advise that you begin at the top floor. It is my impression since I heard what that man had to tell me who interrupted us a few moments ago, and since what you have told me, that she is employed on one of the floors above the one on which your office is located. It may be that you will not have to look through more than a small part of the building."

"Shall I begin at once?"

"Yes."

"And I will find you here at the door, if I have anything to report?"

"Yes."

"Then I will get about it."

Just as Creighton walked away toward the elevator Brogan made his appearance.

"They are beginning to come in too swift for me to chase them to their rooms now," he said. "Two or three have got away from me as it is."

"You may abandon that part of it now," Nick replied. "I want you to stay here in my place for a while."

"Remember that I did not see the face at the window, Carter."

"I remember. Just stand on guard. If a woman with red hair that is turning gray—which may be quite gray by this time—attempts to pass out of the building, speak to her and ask who she is. Detain her if you can until I return; if you cannot, trail her."

"Rather a large order."

"Not for women going *out* of the building at this hour of the day."

"All right."

"You saw Creighton, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"If he appears here again say to him to wait; that I will be back presently."

The detective hastened to the elevator then and ascended to the top floor. He had determined to inspect the roof again.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE WOMAN WHO DID IT.

Coogan was at his post on the top floor when Nick got there.

"Nothing doing," he said, by way of greeting. "Two or three have inspected that powder on the floor rather curiously, but that's all. Look at it for yourself."

Nick did look, and he saw what Coogan had already described to him. It was precisely as if a person in passing down the stairs that communicated with the roof had made the discovery that footprints had been left behind to betray the fact of a human presence there; as if the individual had taken a handkerchief or a cloth and had deliberately obliterated the footprints.

There had been no attempt to clean up the powder entirely; such an attempt would have been unavailing anyway without the aid of water.

"Have you noticed a youngish-looking, middle-aged woman with reddish hair about this corridor since you have been here, Coogan?" Nick inquired.

"No; nor any white horses, either."

"Well, stay here till I return. I'm going to the roof."

"What for? I've been up there."

The detective did not reply, but continued on his way to the roof; and the moment he arrived there he discovered one thing that was not as it had been when he made those former visits to that part of the building.

Nick Carter, as we know, had been all his life trained to close observation. It was a habit that had become second nature. In passing a window on the street he might not have been able to tell you everything that the window contained as some persons claim they can do, but if he returned past it a little later, and if anything had been removed from or added to the contents of the window he would discover that fact instantly.

The moment that he went out upon that roof, there-

fore, he discovered a short ladder that leaned against one of the three water tanks that the roof held, and he knew that the ladder had not been there during either of his two former visits to the roof.

He lost no time in mounting that ladder, you may be sure—but it was to find that the tank into which he peered was full nearly to the top, of water.

He climbed down again and carried the ladder to the next tank, ascended it again, to make the same discovery.

"Strange," he mused. Then he took the ladder to the third tank.

In the daylight he noticed then something that had not attracted his attention in the dark, for it had been dark when he was on the roof the two other times.

This third tank was new, and had been lately painted, although the paint was dry.

He took note of these things while he climbed the ladder to the top of the tank. And then he leaned forward and looked inside of it.

"Well, what do you think of that!" he muttered to himself; and instantly he raised himself to the rim of the tank and dropped down inside of it, for the tank contained no water.

What it did contain—the thing that he instantly seized upon the second he alighted at the bottom of the tank, was a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, with a long barrel, such as is used for target practice, and it was provided with a skeleton stock that could be fitted against the shoulder when the weapon was fired, thus affording the firm and steady aim that a rifle gives to one who is using it.

The chambers in the cylinder of the weapon were empty, but there were powder marks against the front of the cylinder around one of them, and the long barrel, when he held it up to the light and looked through it, showed at once that the weapon had been lately discharged.

There was a woman's tortoise-shell comb there, too; such as is worn in the hair to keep stray hairs in place; and there were a dozen stumps of smoked-out cigarettes. Also there were crumbs galore, as if the person who had been there had taken a supply of sandwiches along.

Nick climbed out of the tank again with the aid of the spikes that had been driven into it for that purpose, to be used when the tank had to be cleaned; and he took the revolver and the comb with him.

"The thing is working itself down to a fine point now," he told himself, as he went toward the hooded stairway and descended to the top floor of the building.

He was certain now that the woman he had been seeking all the night had been inside that empty tank all the time when the two visits had been made to the roof during the night. It was her place of concealment, and it had never occurred to the detective that any one of the tanks might have been empty. That only shows how easily the most expert will at times overlook an important fact.

It was apparent that the woman had somehow provided herself with a key that fitted the door that led to the room—she could easily have borrowed the key on an excuse and have had a duplicate of it made for her—and that she had utilized the occasion when a third tank was to be added to the supply on the roof, to carry out her long-cherished plan of assassination.

The tank was a ready and almost a perfect hiding place if it should become known that a shot had been fired from a window of that building, and a search should be made for the person who fired it.

Nick realized, in that moment of thought, that when he had seen her face at the window of room 1218, the preceding evening, she had also seen his face through the window of Deering's law office.

More than that. She had realized that he had seen her face, or had at least seen that some person was in that room from which the death-dealing shot had come; and she had known, of course, that no time would be lost in making a search of that building.

It did not appear yet just why she had chosen to have herself locked inside that building the night *after* the commission of the crime, unless she had been too greatly terror-stricken by her own deed to dare to face people upon the streets of the city.

Doubtless that was the solution of that portion of the problem.

She had waited, not daring to leave the building that day, and waited until it was too late to do so, and had been locked inside, so that she could not get out without apprising the watchman of her presence there; and she did not want it to be said that she had been there.

Then, drawn as a magnet draws a needle, to that room from which she had fired the fatal shot, she had discovered through the window that there were lights in Deering's office, for Nick and the inspector were there, as we know.

And she had probably watched those opposite windows, fascinated, devoured by curiosity as to what

was happening in Deering's office; and she had watched too long—until Nick Carter snapped off the lights and raised the curtain suddenly to show the inspector the window in the opposite building.

She had been seen, and she knew that she had; and she had fled to her hiding place in the tank on the roof; and there she had spent the night—or two nights altogether—waiting until the hour when she knew that the building would be thrown open.

Then the guilty woman had sneaked out of her hiding place, had unlocked the door at the bottom of the stairs to the roof, had discovered that the corridor was deserted, had started to flee to the office where she worked, but had been brought up with a round turn by the discovery of the talcum powder.

All these considerations passed through the mind of the detective while he was descending from the roof to rejoin Coögan, who waited for him.

The officer from headquarters espied the target gun at once, and exclaimed about it; and Nick stood there with him while he related his discoveries on the roof.

They were over near the stairway to the roof, far removed from the elevator shafts, and while the detective was talking, he saw a man leave an elevator that had ascended, and dart rapidly along the corridor at the front of the building and disappear.

He ceased speaking in the middle of a sentence and started forward hastily.

"What now?" asked Coogan.

Nick did not reply, and Coogan followed him.

The corridor at the front of the building was vacant, and Nick stopped, wondering into which room the man that he had seen had disappeared; for that man had been Percy Dalton, the clerk in the office of the dead Carleton Deering.

But while Nick was still wondering, a door far down the corridor opened and Dalton appeared again, almost running, so hasty were his steps; and he literally ran into the arms of Nick Carter, which reached out for him.

"We'll go back there to that office, Dalton," Nick said coldly. "That is where the woman is employed who shot Mr. Deering, isn't it?"

Dalton nodded. He seemed unable to speak.

"What is that woman to you, Dalton?" Nick demanded, pausing for the reply.

"She is my aunt. But it's all up now. She's in there. I tried to keep her from doing it, and thought I had, but she did it just the same. There's an old guy in there now, talking to her, and she has confessed the whole thing to him."

"I'm afraid, Percy, that it will go hard with you for your connection with this affair, although I do not believe you approved of it," said Nick.

Dalton remained silent and Nick and the officer from headquarters entered the room where they discovered Mr. Creighton, benign old man that he was, pleading with her; and she was crying and sobbing her heart out to him, telling him all about it; telling him much more clearly than she would have told others, perhaps.

It was fortunate perhaps that her employers had not arrived as yet, and the only persons in the room were therefore those that we have named.

So this is the end of the story.

The woman who committed the deed was Agnes Dalton, the maiden aunt of Percy Dalton, and she had taken the name of Maddox because it was the name of the man she was to have married one week from the day of his mysterious disappearance, twenty years ago.

She had mourned him as one who was dead, until years afterward she believed that she had discovered him again in the person of John Carleton, a married man with a daughter. Then she had determined to have his life, but Percy Dalton had argued her out of it.

But when the discovery was made that Carleton was not only Maddox, but Deering, and when such of the facts had been aired in the papers, she had made the determination anew, with the consequences as we know them. In that one respect, at least, she was crazed, and her case never came up for trial, for she was taken to a State institution for the criminal insane.

THE END.

"A Fight for a Million; or, Nick Carter Straightens a Tangle," is the title of the story that will be found in the next issue of this weekly. In this story a cousin of the woman who murdered Deering claims that she married Deering when he was Maddox, and that her son is also his and therefore entitled to his estate. Nick's fight for the estate for Allison Deering is a story of incident and excitement from start to finish. The story also shows Nick in the rôle of a lawyer. Don't miss this story! It is No. 3, and will be out September 28th.

# THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

### Looking for an Arctic Route to Siberia.

A telegram was recently received from Spitzbergen, stating that Nansen, on the yacht *Veslemey*, is at present working on the northern coast of the archipelago near the base from which the Norwegian expedition under Hoel and Sverdrup recently set out to explore the coast.

The Russian expedition commanded by Rusanoff and Kutchin, the oceanographer, left Green Harbor after exploring the western coast of Spitzbergen. They are going north to Nova Zembla, and as far east as possible. They hope to reach Solitude Island in order to examine into the possibility of opening up a new line of communication between the Siberian rivers and Europe.

The Russian expedition is prepared to remain in the arctic regions through the winter.

### Too Much for Him!

Following a tempestuous session in his courtroom during the hearing of an election fraud case brought by Socialists, fisticuffs being engaged in and weapons drawn, Judge Thomas James, of Tampa, Fla., dropped dead from apoplexy. Judge James collapsed immediately following a personal encounter between Dan Robinson, defeated Socialist candidate for mayor, and Mitchell McKay, a brother of Mayor D. E. McKay, who was the successful opponent of Robinson.

The trial had been one of the sensations which drew a crowd which filled the courtroom to suffocation and overflowed into the street. The fight between Robinson and McKay followed a recess taken by the court immediately after W. J. Stafford, one of the accused election inspectors, attempted to assault S. Camparetti, a witness for the prosecution, while Camparetti was testifying.

Immediately on readjournment counsel for the defense commenced arguing a motion to dismiss the defendants, when Judge James collapsed. He was hurried to his home near by where he died a few minutes later.

### New York National Guard May Have Aeroplanes.

"Aeroplanes may become an adjunct to the New York State National Guard," Adjutant General Verbeck says. He explained that the joint military maneuvers would be given additional interest by establishing headquarters for Governor Dix near Bridgeport, Conn., at which the military committees of the legislature would locate August 11 to 13.

At this time Beckwith Havens, an expert aeroplanist, will demonstrate the uses of the machine in war, and four regular army experts will take part.

### A Chinese Track Team at Cornell.

Cornell has a Chinese track team, and if it doesn't win the championship at the intercollegiate conference of Chinese students to be held at Williamstown, it will not be because they have not trained hard to make good. Seventeen athletes from the Celestial kingdom are working out on Percy Field, the regular athletic grounds of the university athletes, under the direction of Frank Sheehan, assistant trainer to the Cornell track and cross-country teams, and Sheehan says they are making very satisfactory progress. Some of the Occidental athletes had never worn spiked running shoes before, and Sheehan experienced some difficulty in getting them upon their toes, but in the try-outs they work very creditably for amateurs, and several equaled the best performances that have been made at this meet last year, when the Cornell men got third.

### Says Hay-Pauncefote Treaty Voidable.

Hannis Taylor, former minister to Spain and a writer on international law, published an open letter contending that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is voidable because of the situation arising from Panama's ceding the Canal Zone to the United States.

"There is no room for hairsplitting on that point," says Mr. Taylor. "Within the Canal Zone the United States is sovereign for all the purposes of international law. Under that law it is well settled that a treaty becomes voidable, not void whenever a change has taken place in the fundamental conditions existing at the time it was made." The writer quotes Hall, an English authority on international laws, in support of this contention.

Mr. Taylor refers to Russia's repudiation in 1870 of certain portions of the treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, and contends it set a precedent upon which the United States may act.

### Arrest Nearly the Whole Town.

Constabulary arrested a large proportion of villagers of Lucan, Ireland, charged with helping to tear down a nearly completed consumption sanitarium because they objected to presence of consumptives.

### Roosevelt Tree Dead.

The gigantic Douglass fir tree in Ravenna Park, in Seattle, Wash., which was named in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, and which has been dying for some time, was condemned to be cut down. The Roosevelt tree was more than ten feet in diameter and more than two hundred feet tall. It was one of the sights of Seattle.

### To Use Potomac Water Power.

The preliminary survey of the Great Falls of the Potomac with a view to the government's utilizing the water power there, is to be prosecuted this fall under the direction of Colonel William C. Langfitt of the army engineer corps, assisted by Clemens Herschell, one of the leading civil engineers of New York City.

The appointment of Mr. Herschell was announced by General Bixby, chief of engineers of the army. The levels and water-gauge work at the falls and many other details connected with the survey of the site have been completed by the topographical survey corps of the United States geological survey, and it is believed that the army engineers will be able to make very rapid work with their plans for harnessing the power of the Potomac.

The aim is to utilize the falls for generating electric lighting and power for Washington and the numerous suburban railways running in and out of the District of Columbia.

### Falls Three Stories; Unhurt.

While standing in a rocking-chair at an open window of her home, Alice Coghan, 3 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coghan, of Boston, lost her balance and fell three stories to the ground, escaping with only a shaking up and slight bruises.

The child was picked up by a neighbor, who saw her fall and ran out expecting to find her lifeless on the ground. The neighbor carried the little girl into the house, which was the first intimation her parents had of her remarkable escape.

### New German Squadron Ready in 1914.

Such progress has been made in increases in the German navy, voted during this year's session of the Reichstag, that it is now officially announced that the new third squadron of eight battleships will be commissioned by the autumn of 1914. This will bring the active battle fleet up to twenty-five battleships in full commission.

### Boys to Get Large Indemnity.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for spending nine weeks in a loathsome Mexican jail at Juarez is the balm Edward H. Blatt, an Avalon, Pa., boy and formerly a member of President Madero's insurrecto army, will get from the Mexican government.

Young Blatt and Lawrence E. Converse, of Glendora, Colo., while carrying messages for Madero, were captured by the federals on American soil and thrown into prison at Juarez. The American government succeeded in effecting the release of the boys after considerable diplomatic tension. Blatt announced that he had received notice from the Mexican government that the special committee appointed to investigate the case of himself and Converse had awarded each of them $25,000 indemnity.

### Seeks Indemnity from the Panama Government for Son's Death.

Charging that her son, Ralph, 28 years old, was killed by a bayonet thrust at the hands of a policeman of the city of Panama, Mrs. Laura A. Davis, of Los Angeles, Cal., has asked United States Senator Works to ask the government's aid to obtain justice and an indemnity from the Panama government. According to advices from Frederick C. Davis, a brother, now in Panama, Ralph Davis was killed during the Fourth of July celebration of United States marines and soldiers.

### England to Try and Prevent Defectives from Marrying.

London has some 50,000 persons who will be included within the scope of the mental deficiency bill, a government measure which the county council apprehends is going to be passed this year. In the cir-

cumstances the council are anxious that their recommendations may be incorporated in the proposed legislation, of which the council generally express approval. A report on the bill by the education committee has been drawn up, and will be considered by the council at its next meeting.

The measure contains the following clause, by which, for the first time, an effort is to be made to eliminate the unfit:

"If any person intermarries with, or attempts to intermarry with, any person whom he knows to be defective within the meaning of the act, or if any person solemnizes or procures or connives at any marriage, knowing that one of the parties thereto is defective, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The county council, which will have to administer this new legislation, will thus have the duty of deciding what persons are marriageable and those who are not. Apart from the people who are declared to be lunatics, and who are maintained in the asylums, the council now maintains ninety schools for mentally deficient children, and at present there are 700 such children on the roll. These children cost the ratepayers $500,000 a year. When the new legislation comes into operation there will necessarily be an augmentation of the numbers, and though the government proposes to make grants for maintenance, a great additional burden will be placed upon the ratepayers.

### Good Dead Microbes Used to Slay Bad Live Ones.

The old American frontier adage that the only good Indians are dead ones is more than pertinently applicable to the microbe war that is going on at St. Mary's Hospital, London, for in this hospital the dead good microbes are used to slay the living evil ones.

Sir Almoth Wright, who has a way of making scientific subjects popular, calls St. Mary's the Scotland Yard of microbes. Here he has organized his staff just as the detective staff of the great criminal detection department is organized. The work he describes in a report just issued:

"Having found the central abode of the criminal microbe," writes Sir Almoth, "the doctor hands over the administration of capital punishment to microbes of its own class. By inoculating a patient suffering with inflammation with a suitable number of dead microbes of the same variety as those found to be causing the inflammation, the natural opponents of microbe life in the blood are stimulated into action and assist the cure."

### France Receives Large Sums from Gambling Clubs.

Surprising figures were quoted by M. Empereur in the French Senate in a speech in which he complained that the laws regulating gambling in the clubs and casinos at watering places were unsatisfactory.

There are 123 such watering places with 143 casinos. The gross receipts at the gambling tables in 1911 amounted to $9,605,000, of which about $3,000,000 was taken at the petit chevaux and $6,600,000 at baccarat. The government receives 15 per cent of this sum, or $1,441,000. When the law was passed in 1907, the minister of the interior calculated on receiving $800,000 only from this source.

The greatest money-taker, as many Americans will readily guess, is Enghien, just outside Paris. In round figures the receipts at some of the principal watering places are: Enghien, $1,880,000; Nice (municipality), $1,600,000; Trouville, $680,000; Aix-les-Bains, $580,000; Vichy, $560,000; Biarritz, $520,000; Nice (promenade), $420,000; Liepge, $320,000; Boulogne, $280,000; Cannes, $220,000.

Croupiers and money changers share in the luck of winners, and during the year the hundred employees at Enghien received $400,000, the chief at Vichy about $2,800 each, the forty-two at Aix-les-Bains nearly $3,500 each, at Biarritz $2,600 each, and at Dieppe over $2,800 each.

Senator Empereur complained that the present law was unjust to casinos whose receipts were small. He cited examples of rapid fortunes made by concession holders of casinos. Thus Mr. D., once a painter and poor, made $4,000,000 at Nice. The Messrs B. cleared $6,000,000 in thirty years at Cobourg, Aix-les-Bains, and Pau.

### George Junior Republic Boy Keeps His Word.

John McReynolds, a 19-year-old youth, who escaped from the George Junior Republic on May 29, appeared in Ithaca, N. Y., recently, on his way back to that institution to keep a promise made to William R. George, founder of that institution, to the effect that if he ever ran away he would return within sixty-five days, Mr. George agreeing to undergo the punishment in the Republic jail himself if the youth did not keep his word.

McReynolds had no compunctions about making his home-coming known, and said that he got all the way to the Pacific coast. He convinced the local authorities that he had been there. In Los Angeles, however, he began to think about his promise to Mr. George, and try as he would he could not banish it from his mind. His sixty-five days being almost up, McReynolds boarded a fast freight at Los Angeles, and by constantly changing across the continent on fast trains he reached Ithaca. McReynolds reached Freeville three days within the limit set by Mr. George.

### Try to Cure Criminal by an Operation.

In an operation on the skull of John Howard, aged 21, a self-confessed burglar, who has urged surgeons to operate in order that he may become an honest citizen, two Minneapolis doctors removed a tumor which was pressing upon his brain, besides lifting a depression of the bone over the right temple. They believe Howard will be cured of kleptomania.

Howard, who has been in the reform school, was paroled to two physicians on the motion of the county attorney in order that the operation might be performed.

### Sues for Jewels Lost on "Titanic."

Hadue Mamee, a cabin passenger saved from the *Titanic*, has sued the White Star line for $15,000, the value he places on jewels he was bringing to this country. To his attorney, Howard M. Long, he said Mrs. John Jacob Astor had saved him.

According to the story of Mamee, who is a Syrian, as told by his attorney, Mamee plunged through the line of remonstrating men and into the same lifeboat as Mrs. Astor when it was learned that the *Titanic* was sinking.

Mrs. Astor had just kissed her husband good-by and taken her seat in the lifeboat when Mamee jumped in. The men tried to pull him from the boat, but Mrs. Astor interceded for him and when the men persisted in their efforts to take him from the boat she hid him under her wraps so that the men could not reach him.

### Notorious Horse Thief Caught.

Pursued for four months through the wilds of northern Canada by members of the Northwest Mounted Police, Will Ropp, said by the authorities to be the most notorious horse rustler and cattle thief in the western country, has been apprehended and is in the barracks at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, awaiting trial. The chase covered nearly 2,000 miles and was remarkable for the persistency with which the police followed the trail of the fugitive through the trackless north country.

Ropp, tired of being hunted, finally gave up and confessed to a list of offenses which was a revelation even to the officers. His confession tells in detail of several hundred crimes, and Ropp adds the statement that he has committed as many more, details of which he has forgotten.

### Mormons Driven from London Suburbs.

The campaign against the Mormon missionaries in the southern suburbs of London has resulted in the defeat of the Utah proselytizers. The Mormons' campaign in London centered in the suburbs on either side of Brixton Hill. Their final stronghold was the Stockwell Institute, and from this they have now been turned out by the owner.

The Mormons had been in the neighborhood of Brixton Hill for some time, making house-to-house calls, and trying to induce young girls to join them. Their campaign roused the clergy of the district to action, and a counter campaign was begun. The chief organizer in this was the Reverend W. Hook Longsdon, the vicar of St. Andrew's, Stockwell. By a system of peaceful picketing, he prevented a large number of girls from entering the Stockwell Institute, where the Mormons held Sunday meetings. Now this has been taken from them, and the Mormons have been driven from the neighborhood.

The man who finally got rid of the Mormons is Henry Hermitage, the owner of a big piano emporium in Clapham Road. He is also the proprietor of the Stockwell Institute, and he told recently the story of how and why he turned them out.

"Some time ago," he said, "some people came to me calling themselves the Latter-day Saints, and asked to rent the institute for a period for the purpose of holding meetings there. I had never heard of their sect before, and did not connect them with the Mormons for one moment. As their references were excellent—including the recommendation of a mayor—the institute was let to them.

"I did not hear anything more for some time, and so far as I knew everything was going along satisfactorily. Then I heard something, and in consequence of what was said to me I decided to pay a visit to the institute. I went last Sunday and listened to their addresses. To me they appeared to be nothing else but sheer blasphemy uttered over and over again, and that decided me. I got into communication with the Mormons at once, and told them that it would be better for all par-

ties concerned if they left as quickly and as quietly as possible.

"I could not absolutely turn them out at once, for an agreement is an agreement, so I judged it better to use polite measures—at first. However, the Mormons, seeing how things were going, judged it wiser to retire at once, and I returned their rent to them."

### Woman Wedged in Mine Tunnel 18 Hours.

Wedged tightly in a small tunnel of a Silver Mountain, Colo., mine, through which she tried to follow her husband and brother, Mrs. A. A. Clampsky, a wealthy New York woman, could not move for 18 hours, and kept the two men prisoners in the hole into which they had crawled ahead of her.

The husband and brother were forced to work with their bare hands on the rock walls to release her. She fainted three times.

The party had gone to the mine, an unworked one, with the intention of investigating it for investment.

Mrs. Clampsky has decided not to invest.

### "Be Kind to Your Horses" Signs in Boston.

Between 50 and 100 signs bearing the inscription "Be kind to your horses" will be placed upon electric light poles throughout the city by President Francis H. Rowley, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Boston, if proper arrangements can be made with the electric light company, according to an announcement made by William A. Leahy, Mayor Fitzgerald's private secretary.

President Rowley called at the mayor's office and offered to place the signs on the poles at his own expense, and Secretary Leahy assured him that the mayor and street commissioners would give him the necessary permission if there is no objection on the part of the electric companies, which own the poles.

### Shocked to Death Through Cake of Ice.

Peter Polus, thirty years old, driver for an ice company, was killed in a peculiar manner in Pittsburgh. Polus was carrying a block of ice on his shoulder. In the basement of a saloon the ice rubbed a wire from which the insulation had been removed. Polus fell dead.

The coroner's physician found that Polus was walking on a wet floor, his clothes were wet, and that when the ice touched the wire his body grounded a circuit of 2,200 volts.

### The Mayoress of Johannesburg.

Johannesburg, the commercial metropolis of South Africa, has entrusted its city government to the leadership of a woman, Mrs. A. M. Ellis, who bears the title of "mayoress."

Mayoress Ellis is planning a competetive international exhibition of handiwork in October, and the consular corps in Johannesburg are recommending that their governments cooperate by urging the sending of exhibits, and Edwin N. Gunsaulus, American consul, has joined in this recommendation.

The department of commerce and labor has directed the director of the commercial museum to receive and forward all American exhibits for the Johannesburg exhibition.

The commercial museum will receive loan collections or donations of women's and children's handiwork for exhibition in Johannesburg; will pack and send the same to the exhibition without expense to the exhibitor, and will make all necessary arrangements with those in charge of the exhibition for their free return. All material submitted for the purpose will be entered for award, and the commercial museum will distribute such awards to exhibitors when received. Any work so forwarded may, if desired, be offered for sale in Johannesburg for the benefit of the exhibitor.

Mayoress Ellis, of Johannesburg, explains that only hand-made articles, more or less decorative in their nature, and neither bulky nor fragile, be sent by exhibitors. She suggests that such articles might include ladies' wearing apparel, such as shirt waists, et cetera, cushion and pillow covers, various articles of Indian work, such as moccasins, leather and bead work, birch bark ornaments, et cetera, hand-carved and hand-painted work, hand-made book covers, et cetera. These or any other articles which would indicate American handicraft would be desirable.

The Johannesburg exhibition is to cover a wide territory in South Africa and will aid all classes, especially the native colored population, about 100,000 of whom live in Johannesburg alone. It is thought, therefore, that in addition to competitive exhibits by individuals or corporations, philanthropic societies, women's clubs, missionary societies, et cetera, may wish to participate.

### Berlin So Clean Flies Can't Live There.

The notedly clean streets of the capital city of the German empire not only assist in keeping the death rate low and please the eye, but add as well to the comfort of everyday life.

At this season of the year, while young America is being taught to "swat the fly," there is no occasion to teach Berliners any such activity. Although window screens are almost unknown here so few flies can be found in any place that they appear lonely.

The city's admirable street-cleaning methods do not leave enough refuse to permit flies to breed.

### King George V. Presents Cup.

Announcement is made by the New York Yacht Club that King George V. has presented a cup to the club, to be known as the King's Cup. It is to take the place of the cup presented by the late King Edward VII. in November, 1905. The club has been asked to retain the King Edward trophy as a memorial of the late ruler of Great Britain.

The same conditions will apply to the new cup as governed the old one, the chief provisions being that the trophy shall be held forever by the New York Yacht Club, to be sailed for annually, preferably off Newport, during the cruise of the New York Yacht Club.

Any yacht belonging to any yacht club in the United States in good standing is eligible to enter for the races. The name of each yacht winning it and the name of her owner will be inscribed upon the cup, and each winning yacht will receive a suitable medal to commemorate her victory.

### Case of Hypnotic Suggestion.

A curious case of hypnotic suggestion is reported from Turin, Italy. For some days a chauffeur has been wandering round the streets and showing no visible means of support.

On being questioned by the police, he could give no details of his life before or after May 23. To all questions he replied: "He who has forbidden me to speak has crossed the ocean and the police will find him."

For the present the chauffeur, whose name is kept secret by the police, has been sent to an asylum, but physicians think that the case is one of hypnotic suggestion, and the cause a "refined" vendetta.

### Boy Makes Three Rescues in One Afternoon.

Three different times in one afternoon, Ray Camplin, the 13-year-old son of M. B. Camplin, saved younger boys from drowning at a swimming pool near Sheridan, Wyo.

The first was Byron Miller, who had been shoved off a diving plank into deep water. The second was Albert Dunn, and the third was Kenneth Peckenpaugh. All of them were unable to swim. They were caught in deep water and rescued. Peckenpaugh had gone down a second time and was lost to the view of his horrified comrades when Camplin dived to the bottom and hauled him safely to shore.

### More Pleasure Boats on Canal Than Those Which Carry Freight.

More than 1,500 permits to owners of pleasure craft to navigate the waters of the New York State Canal have been issued this year by Duncan C. Peck, State superintendent of public works.

During the last few years the number of such craft on the State waterways has increased so rapidly that they now outnumber those used for commercial purposes, and special rules have been promulgated for their regulation. The speed limit on the canal is fixed at not to exceed four miles an hour.

### Protests Against New French Helmet.

Hector Malacarne, a professor of hairdressing, has addressed a vigorous appeal to M. Millerand, the minister of war, of France, protesting with indignation against the new helmet which is to be worn by the French infantry. Says the professor: "This helmet is the enemy of the French capillary system. It is, if I may so express myself, a crime against nature, an insult to the Creator; it is, considering the advanced state of our capillary knowledge, an irony, a mockery, a paradox. M. Millerand has a fine head, because he has plenty of hair. Would he be as handsome if he were bald? He should reject this baldness and create another more in conformity with the legitimate aspirations of a progressive people."

### Bartender Wins Scholarship.

John Larson, nineteen years old, employed in his father's saloon as a bartender, has been selected by the Princeton Club, of Chicago, for a scholarship, and will have his expenses paid for four years at the university by that club.

Larson graduated from the Evanston Academy in June, paying his expenses out of his own earnings. It was his habit to do considerable studying after the saloon was closed at 1 o'clock in the morning.

As a student at the academy Larsen made a good record. In addition to leading his classes, he was a good baseball and football player. After an investigation of the boy's habits and home life he was selected

as a "man of all-around ability." The club selects one man each year upon whom to bestow a scholarship at Princeton.

### Stevenson Relic to be Sold.

For the benefit of the literary it has recently been announced that the *Casco*, in which Robert Louis Stevenson made his first cruises into the romantic seas of the South Pacific, is to be put under the hammer, and it is of equal interest to shipping men to know that the *Casco* is one of forty vessels, all owned by one company, which are now for sale at Victoria.

The entire fleet of the Victoria Sealing Company is to be disposed of, because of the treaty entered into between the United States, Canada, Russia, and Japan, which puts an end to sealing for the next fourteen years, and consequently throws a big flotilla of sealing schooners out of commission.

Twelve of the forty ships in the Victoria fleet have been under American registry and may still sail under the Stars and Stripes. Several of them, ranging from forty to 150 tons, were pretentious yachts in their heyday and have histories as interesting and picturesque as the old *Casco*.

### Pius X. Thought He Would Not Celebrate Ninth Anniversary of Elevation.

Shattering the widely accepted belief, in which he himself shared, that he would not live to celebrate nine anniversaries of his elevation to the Vatican throne, Pius X. recently completed the ninth year of his pontificate.

The odd belief that he would die before the anniversary was based on the manner in which his holiness' years of life has been divided into periods of nine years.

He was ordained a priest in 1858, and served as curate for nine years. Then followed his promotion to the post of parish priest at Salzano, where he remained for nine years. Next came nine years as chancellor of the diocese, nine as Bishop of Mantua, and nine as Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice.

So firmly was he convinced that this division of his life would continue to the end that he frequently expressed to his friends the certainty he felt that nine years would terminate his pontificate, a termination possible only with his death.

### Building Steam Yacht With a Glass Bottom.

A glass-bottomed steam yacht is being built at Mathis' shipyard, Cooper's Point, Camden, N. J., for scientific purposes, in order that persons interested in the mysteries of the sea may get a glimpse of the ocean bed. It is the first vessel of its kind ever built in this country. The bottom will be made of French plate glass one inch thick, in sections, divided by steel frames. An ingenious arrangement for providing illumination so that the explorers can see under the waves has been constructed by the introduction of submarine radio light for the purpose of making visible the bottom of the sea, and bringing objects resting or floating there into clear view. For certain kinds of work one or more large incandescent lamps will be dropped from the bottom of the boat to the vicinity of the wreck or other object to be inspected. Especial attention will be paid by those who have given their time and spent their money to the study of the habits of sharks, porpoises, and other marine creatures. Old wrecks, partially imbedded in the sand will be examined. Rock formation can be studied and sketched. The designer says the boat is a marvel of simplicity. In the keel line, forward and aft of the machinery, a trough is made the sides of which have been painted black to screen the reflection of the water. The vessel will be driven by a gasoline engine of twenty-five horse power, capable of developing a speed of eight knots an hour, with auxiliary plants. According to the scientists who have designed the boat, it would have been of great value in the *Titanic* catastrophe. They believe it would solve the question of what was the final fate of the sunken liner. The best informed believe that the big vessel, owing to the great depth in which she went down, does not rest on the ocean's bottom, but floats below the surface of the water, where the pressure equals the ship's weight.

### Mr. Eliot Says "Equal Immigration for Women."

"Equal immigration for women," was the substance of a proposition broached at a luncheon given here by W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University. Doctor Eliot, however, was looking at the subject not from the standpoint of women's rights, but as part of the study of the influx of foreign peoples into the United States.

"If men immigrate the women of their race should come, too," he said.

He advocated laws which would prevent the preponderance of more than five per cent of men over women in any race entering the country. Moral stamina and racial purity, he said, would be safeguarded by such regulation.

### To Celebrate Fifty Years of Freedom.

The National Emancipation Commemorative Society, an organization composed of colored citizens in a majority of the States of the Union, is making extensive preparations for the national jubilee to be held in Washington September 22 to 26 in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the issuance of the emancipation proclamation by Abraham Lincoln.

### "Frisco" Not the Legal Name.

"Frisco" is not San Francisco. This decision of the treasury department was communicated to Collector Stratton in reply to the collector's protest against the use of seals stamped "Frisco" on bonded government goods.

The government finds that "Frisco" lacks distinctiveness and dignity, and that there are several villages of the name of Frisco.

### United States to Help Refugees.

The destitution of American refugees from Mexico, now quartered at El Paso, resulted in the passage by the Senate of a resolution authorizing the war department to spend $100,000 in transporting them to such points in the United States as they wish to reach.

Senator Bailey declares the refugees were in dire need, and in most cases were unable to proceed beyond that city.

### Body of "Titanic" Steward Found.

The body of W. F. Chiverton, the chief steward of the *Titanic*, was found in latitude 49.06 north, longitude 42.51 west, by the British steamship *Ilford*, bound from Galveston to Hamburg. The finding of the body was reported by the chief officer of the *Ilford*, which arrived at Philadelphia recently.

Chief Officer W. F. Bassett was on the bridge when he sighted the body. A lifeboat was lowered and it was found that a life preserver was fastened around the body. There was found a watch with the initials engraved on it and personal effects of value, which the steward had evidently collected just before the vessel went down.

His official papers were found watersoaked in his pocket and it was from these that his identity was ascertained. The body was buried at sea.

### Cat Takes Ocean Trip to Revive Spirits.

Among the passengers on a steamer from the West Indies, which arrived at New York recently, was a black and white Persian cat, owned by Sir Archibald Baker, of London.

The cat was put on board at Southampton by order of a cat specialist, who had been consulted by Sir Archibald when his pet's spirits seemed to be rather low.

### Two Bulls Fight Duel.

Two fine Kentucky Herford bulls fought a duel to death on the fancy stock farm of Al Hardman, a well-known politician, in Big Bend, Calhoun County, W. Va. The larger bull weighed a ton and cost $1,225, while the younger was valued at $300.

There had been bad blood between the animals and they went at each other ferociously. They fought disregarding the nearness of a steep river bank, over which they tumbled into the Kanawha.

Instead of attempting to escape from the river, they continued the death conflict until both became exhausted and sank. Their bodies were later seen floating down the river. Both were badly mutilated.

### Pugilist Would be School-teacher.

Herman Henry, a lightweight pugilist, who also is known as "Prince" Henry, has made application to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, at Chicago, for a position as teacher.

Henry is said to be the only boxer in the ring who holds a diploma above that of a high school. He is a graduate of the Allentown, Pa., Institute. The pugilist says he is anxious to teach and is especially desirous of obtaining a position in the Chicago schools.

### Three-cent Bounty on Rats at Galveston.

Recently the Galveston "first rats of the season," numbering twenty-four, each worth a bounty of three cents, were brought to the office of Commissioner V. E. Austin, who sent both the catcher and their rats to the city incinerator plant to leave their catch and get pay slips. The honor of the first catch goes to Arthur Peterson, messenger for the Mackay Telegraph Company, his catch yielding four rodents for which a slip upon City Secretary John D. Kelly for eleven cents was given him. Hardly had young Peterson gotten out of Commissioner Austin's office before a second contribution was brought in by Louis Brooks, a colored driver, to the number of twenty. He, too, was sent to the incinerator, receiving a slip for the sum of sixty cents for his night's work.

It is expected that before the week is out every householder on the island will have traps and various brands of poisons working overtime. The boys between eight and

fourteen years old are looking upon the payment of rat bounty as a lucrative work, and are determined to make a large part of their pocket money from the work.

### Leaves $200,000 to Daughter She Abandoned.

A legacy of $200,000 has been left to Miss Marion Goodale Strong in the will of her mother, who refused absolutely during her life to have anything to do with her daughter. Miss Strong is living with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Congdon, former residents of Syracuse, at their home near Trumansburg.

When she was 3 days old her mother ordered that she be taken from the house and the parent never willingly saw her daughter after that. The girl, talented and attractive, was an exile from the palatial home of the Strongs in Babylon, Long Island.

The first six years of Marion's life were passed with a relative and no effort was made to bring the mother and daughter together. Mrs. Strong had declared her dislike for the child repeatedly and consequently Marion's name never was mentioned in the household.

Mrs. Strong, who was a member of the wealthy Goodale family, of Peconic, L. I., died April 10 in Babylon, leaving a large estate, which she inherited from relatives. The property is in the hands of the executors, who will render an accounting about September 1. Egbert B. Strong, Marion's father, is living in Babylon. The relations between father and daughter are said to be friendly.

Although Miss Strong who is 24 years old, has been practically homeless since birth, she says she never ceased to love her mother. Three fruitless attempts were made by her father to bring about a reconciliation.

Until a few years ago it was supposed by friends and neighbors that the Strongs were childless. The father was a yachtsman and automobilist and the two usually spent winters in Florida.

### New Express Dodge.

The United States Express Company has raised a novel contention in answering the complaint of M. Rockefeller, of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., before the public service commission, that he had been overcharged for the delivery of a box shipped to him from St. George, Staten Island. The carrier asserts that the commission has no jurisdiction, as the Staten Island ferryboats pass through New Jersey waters, and the shipment accordingly became an interstate shipment, subject only to the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission.

At the office of the commission, however, it was said that assuming that the ferryboat passed over waters of New York Bay, which are west of the boundary line between New York and New Jersey, the shipment would not involve interstate commerce. Under the agreement between the States of New York and New Jersey, entered into in 1898 and approved by Congress, New York State has exclusive jurisdiction over all the waters of New York Bay.

### These Doctors Say Kissing a Bad Malady.

Kissing is not so serious a malady as the Milwaukee Physicians' Association would have us believe, according to officers of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The Milwaukee doctors have declared war on kissing as "a disease and a menace to health and decency." So much in earnest are they that they are preparing a bill for the next legislature which aims to prohibit the practice.

The physicians of Boston do not take the matter so seriously. Doctor George B. Shattuck, president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, when asked his opinion of the proposed law, said: "My ideas on the subject are not for public consumption. You should go to some more experienced man."

Doctor Walter L. Burrage, secretary of the society, was more explicit. "Of course, kissing is not a disease," he said. "It is a natural act or process, and is not in general a menace to health. Indiscriminate kissing is liable to pass disease, such as tonsilitis, diphtheria, influenza, and certain blood diseases. But kissing is essentially a family practice, and as such cannot be prohibited by the body politic. Such a law would be more in place like Germany, where everybody, men and all, kiss indiscriminately."

### Did the Cat Steal the Money?

A question that will puzzle the Mercer County grand jury as soon as it convenes is whether Mrs. Mary Kercsen, of Trenton, N. J., stole $265 from a boarder, as charged, or whether a mother cat committed the theft. Mrs. Kercsen protested her innocence.

Resting comfortably in their nest of greenbacks, the missing sum to a dollar, a litter of kittens was discovered in a closet in the Kercsen house. The mother cat sat proudly on bundles of $10 bills watching her offspring. Mrs. Kercsen reported the discovery to the authorities.

### Yoshihito's First Proclamation.

Yoshihito, the emperor of the new era of Taisei, read his first proclamation before an immense gathering of officials and representatives of all branches of the service. The emperor said:

"The death of the former emperor has caused great sorrow to the empire, but the throne cannot be left empty and the state administration cannot be neglected, even for a day. We, therefore, immediately ascended the throne and will administer the affairs and the country under the protection of our imperial ancestors and under the provisions of the constitution.

"In this administration we hope not to be misled. We shall endeavor to sustain and further the great work done and undertaken by the former emperor.

"You, our subjects, do your best for your country as you did for the former emperor and aid us in it."

The proclamation of the new emperor pays a lengthy tribute to Mutsuhito, the dead ruler.

### Says Rusie and Walsh Best Pitchers.

"I found during the long time that I was in the big league that Amos Rusie and Ed Walsh were the hardest pitchers for me to hit," says Willie Keeler. "I have gone through a season without striking out, and Rusie and Walsh have the distinction of making me fan twice in one game.

"Amos could shoot them over. He had more speed on his curve ball than some of the present day pitchers have on their fast one. When the big fellow, who was with the Giants, was going right he was a wonder. How he could buzz them over the plate! I know for a fact that when he was going good it was not necessary for him to pitch any curves. That fast one always had a beautiful hop on it, and it was impossible to connect with it.

"Ed Walsh was another great one with that spitball of his. I have seen all kinds of wet balls, but Walsh had one which takes the cake."

### Policeman Makes Wonderful Catches.

Patrolman August Toelke, of the Philadelphia force, recently entered the class of Gabby Street. On a wager he caught three baseballs thrown from the nineteenth story of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Five balls were thrown in all. Toelke missed the first two owing to the wind. The distance the balls dropped was 290 feet.

### Left Money Only for Women.

After bequeathing $100,000 each to two sisters and a niece and various other sums to other female relatives, Anna Margaret Hayes, a wealthy Millbrook woman, said in her will:

"Any legacy whatever left to any woman should be for her own sole and separate use forever, and free from the control or interference, and not liable for debts of any husband she may ever have."

Mrs. Hayes' will was filed for probate. Her estate is valued at $500,000.

### American Admirals Praise Germany's Advance.

Admiral Edwards and Commander Todd, who left Berlin recently, homeward bound, via London, expressed before they left in an interview their wonder at and admiration of Germany's great technical advance in the last decade. They declared they were carrying back to America the most valuable information.

Admiral Edwards was particularly enthusiastic over the Charlottenburg Technical High School.

"It is the most complete I have ever seen," he declared. "Its equipment, arrangement, and plan of study are exemplary. Neither in the United States nor in England is there anything comparable to it. We shall take many of its features as an example in the institution which has been planned for Annapolis for the technical education of our marine engineer aspirants."

Admiral Edwards praised the German system of applying the results of scientific research to industrial undertakings, and said he thought that Germany's continuing industrial developments was the surest guarantee of peace.

### Says Love Stories Will Disappear.

Of late there has been noticed in French plays and novels a tendency to avoid the interminable "domestic triangle," which for years, in some modification or other, has been the theme of most French fiction, in either book or dramatic form, but there has now arisen a French novelist who proclaims a reaction against love itself.

He is M. Pierre Hamp, the author of many short stories, who in the preface to his latest book declares with a sort of petulant ferocity:

"I have been drawn into writing a love story. It is a miserable job. The intellectual decadence consequent on erotic preoccupation is beginning to arouse the suspicion and disgust of a virile generation. Love stories will disappear like drinking

songs. Good form will soon dictate that one should love as one eats and drinks—that is, as matter of course and without any emotion. Love is interesting humanity less and less. It will soon be considered as a shameful disease, a sort of criminal madness."

### Pittsburgh Needs Laborers.

From 4,000 to 5,000 laboring jobs are going begging in Pittsburgh. There is a greater scarcity of unskilled workmen in this section at present than at any time since the boom of 1907. Conservative estimates place the needs of the vicinity at 4,000 men, while in some quarters it is asserted that as high as 7,000 additional laborers could obtain employment in the mills, manufactories, and railroads in this section.

Within the past few weeks the wages of the laborers have been advanced in the various establishments, while in the open market the quotations have advanced from $1.50 to $1.85. In some instances as high as $2 a day is being paid the finest of brawn at the rate of 25 cents an hour.

At many of the plants and industries the men who work through the day are having their envelopes fattened by the addition of overtime. While the whole country and the entire State report a lack of laborers, the scarcity of the city is attributed to the cutting of the hump and the need of men for street improvements and to the revival in business. Another factor in the famine, railroad officials state is the small immigration of this country this year. It is said the major portion of the immigration is going to Canada, where the railroads have need of 50,000 men for construction work.

### Back to Baked Beans.

"Beans instead of beef" was the remedy suggested by Doctor R. B. Doolittle, the "pure food" head of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture.

"Eat beans if beef is too expensive," said Doctor Doolittle, "Beans are the best substitute for beef. One should not eat meat, anyway, more than once daily, depending, of course, upon the physical condition and employment of the person. Hard workers need more meat than the sedentary work. It seems to me the harder a man works and the lower his wages the more meat he needs. Meat is protein. Protein is strength.

"But beans are high in protein percentage. Not canned beans, but baked beans are the best. Canned vegetables of all kinds are not as good as fresh.

"Other good substitutes for meat, of high protein value, are peas, all kinds of nuts, cheese, and milk.

"Mind you, I'm not recommending a vegetarian diet as the only and best diet, but as substitutes for meat. Sugar, too, is healthful. Oatmeal contains some fat, but breakfast foods, generally, are merely starchy."

### John Ward Out of Base Ball.

After a brief career as a baseball magnate, John M. Ward is no longer connected with the game. He sold his interest in the Boston National League Club to James M. Gaffney, of Boston, who since the club last changed hands has been associated with Ward and Joseph Carroll in the ownership. The transaction took place in the office of Lawyer Baldwin, Ward resigning as president of the organization after disposing of his interest.

Both Gaffney and Ward were at the Polo Grounds, and when interviewed by reporters, all Mr. Ward had to say was that he had sold out. It is understood that Mr. Gaffney has bought, or will buy, the interest held by Mr. Carroll and play the ownership game with a lone hand. He expects to go to Boston shortly and will become the president of the club.

Asked whether he intended to retain Johnny Kling as manager, Mr. Gaffney said he did. One of his first moves will be to try to get new players, and he will visit Buffalo to have a talk with Managers Dunn, of Baltimore, and Collins, of Buffalo, with a view to picking up young talent. "I hope to make a success of the club," said Mr. Gaffney, "and the only way to do that is to hustle. So I am going to begin hustling immediately."

John Ward secured an option on the Boston club last winter and at the eleventh hour he and Messrs. Gaffney and Carroll became the owners. Kling was made manager and the team started out well, but in due course hit the cellar, where it has stuck fast. It is understood that Ward and Gaffney didn't see eye to eyes of business policy and that for some time it was probable that one would buy out the other. John Montgomery Ward will resume his law practice, which he has given up extensively prior to becoming a magnate.

### "Love Has No Age Limit."

"Love has no age limit," said Walter L. Hathaway, of Plymouth, Mass., regarding his approaching marriage to Miss Lillian Johnson, of Plymouth, which, it is said, will take place at Old Orchard, Me. Mr. Hathaway is seventy-two years old and his prospective bride is thirty-nine.

Mr. Hathaway didn't think it was strange that he, at seventy-two, should want to marry a "girl of thirty-nine," and, furthermore, he remarked, "it's none of anybody's business."

"Isn't this a free country?" he added. "A man has a right to do as he pleases as long as he behaves himself and obeys the laws. That is what I am doing, and I don't think it is any one's business whether I get married or stay single. I guess I have a right to get married the same as any one else."

Miss Johnson is prominent in Plymouth, but it was not known in Brockton until recently that she and Hathaway were acquainted.

### Singing to Make the Weak Strong.

Doctor John B. Murphy, of Chicago, famous surgeon, in a cablegram from Paris, predicts a remarkable future for surgery. He sees a cure for diabetes, the prevention of rheumatism, conversion of weakly persons into strong beings, the making of dwarfs into giants, and prevention of many diseases.

Doctor Murphy's attention was called to the case of an English boy who desired to enter a military school, but lacked the necessary height. A surgeon administered to him the thyroid secretion of a sheep and the boy grew two inches in two months.

"It is not an unusual case," declared Doctor Murphy. "We are learning much about the four mysterious glands which regulate the body's growth.

"The thyroid gland regulates the growth of the long bones. When these are overstimulated in youth it causes giants; an insufficient secretion causes dwarfs.

"We can feed dogs on the thyroid secretion, beginning on one dog the first month, another the second month, and so on, and produce a series of dogs of perfectly graduated sizes. The first dog, for example, grows a dog and a half long and the second two dogs long. It is like a fairy story.

"Another gland is the so-called pituitary body, which regulates the growth of the wide bones. Its stimulation causes a broadening of the face, jaws, and joints.

"I may also mention the modern discovery that the mysterious organ, the pancreas, is identified with the conversion of sugar. I believe it will be possible hereafter to cure diabetes by removing the pancreas wholly or in part."

### Tried to Mail Letter in Fire Box.

Fire apparatus from two fire stations had a long run through the center of Brockton, Mass., and all because a woman tried to mail a letter in box 312, at Pine and Thatcher Streets. The woman had never mailed a letter before, having only recently come from Italy. When she saw the fire apparatus coming down the street at breakneck speed she ran out and tried to hand the letter to one of the firemen, wondering all the time why it was necessary to have so much commotion.

The woman convinced the police that next time she wanted to mail a letter she would go to the right place. It was impossible to make out her name, and it mattered but little, the authorities figured.

### Seven Thousand Four Hundred National Banks.

There are 7,400 national banks doing business, with an authorized capital of $1,054,350,534 and outstanding circulation secured by bonds of $721,623,148, according to a statement issued by the secretary of the treasury at Washington.

During the month of July there were twenty-eight applications for organized national banks received. Eighteen applications pending were approved and four rejected. Sixteen banks with a total capital of $4,510,000 were authorized during the month.

The statement of the comptroller of the currency for July shows the total amount of national bank notes outstanding is $744,-090,041, a decrease of $229,051 since July 1.

A statement of coinage for the month of July shows 385,000 gold pieces, valued at $3,320,000, and 70,000 half dollars, and 1,000,000 dimes.

### Indian Runner Gets Ovation.

Andrew Sockalexis, the Penobscot Indian, back from the Olympic games at Stockholm, where he finished fourth in the Marathon, was tendered a great reception on his arrival in his home city.

An automobile bearing Sockalexis and his trainer headed a procession of half a hundred motor cars and a long line of people from the railroad station to city hall, where Mayor Stephens and other prominent citizens said words of praise for the athlete.

After a general reception Sockalexis went home to his tribe, and on crossing the ferry found the braves lined up to give him another welcome.

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We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

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519—Madge Morley's Ghost.
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521—The Mysterious Stranger.
522—The White Arm of a Woman.
523—The Man in the Doorway.
524—The Plot of the Baron.
525—The Passenger on the Night Local.
526—A Double Mystery.
527—Clarice, the Countess.
531—A Blackmailer's Paradise.
532—Gipsy Madge, the Blackmailer.
533—Facing an Unseen Power.
534—Idavah, the Woman of Mystery.
537—Zanabayah, the Terrible.
538—The Seven-headed Monster.
539—The Women of the Mask.
540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot.
542—Black Madge's Vengeance.
544—A Tragedy of the Footlights.
545—The Maynard Woman's Double.
546—Three Against Fifteen.
547—A Mystery of Two Passengers.
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553—A Mystery from the Klondyke.
554—Returned from the Grave.
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